MISS America

NOVEMBER • 10¢

$1,000 in Prizes for Teen-Agers

(SEE PAGE 19)

In this issue...

- **COMICS**
- **MOVIES**
- **STORIES**
- *Charm*

PLUS MANY MORE FINE FEATURES

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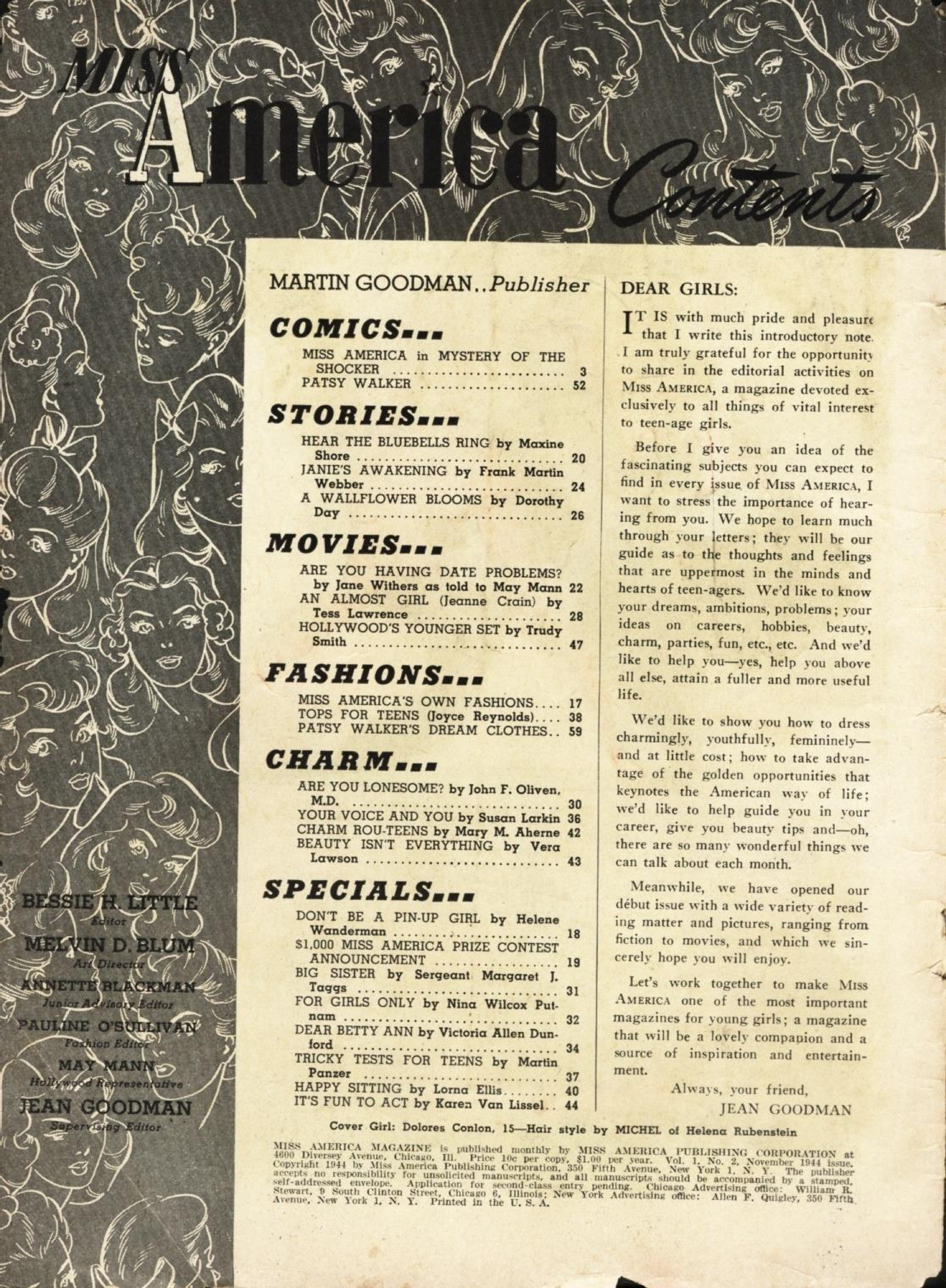

MARTIN GOODMAN..*Publisher*

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DEAR GIRLS:

IT IS with much pride and pleasure that I write this introductory note. I am truly grateful for the opportunity to share in the editorial activities on MISS AMERICA, a magazine devoted exclusively to all things of vital interest to teen-age girls.

Before I give you an idea of the fascinating subjects you can expect to find in every issue of MISS AMERICA, I want to stress the importance of hearing from you. We hope to learn much through your letters; they will be our guide as to the thoughts and feelings that are uppermost in the minds and hearts of teen-agers. We'd like to know your dreams, ambitions, problems; your ideas on careers, hobbies, beauty, charm, parties, fun, etc., etc. And we'd like to help you—yes, help you above all else, attain a fuller and more useful life.

We'd like to show you how to dress charmingly, youthfully, femininely—and at little cost; how to take advantage of the golden opportunities that keynotes the American way of life; we'd like to help guide you in your career, give you beauty tips and—oh, there are so many wonderful things we can talk about each month.

Meanwhile, we have opened our début issue with a wide variety of reading matter and pictures, ranging from fiction to movies, and which we sincerely hope you will enjoy.

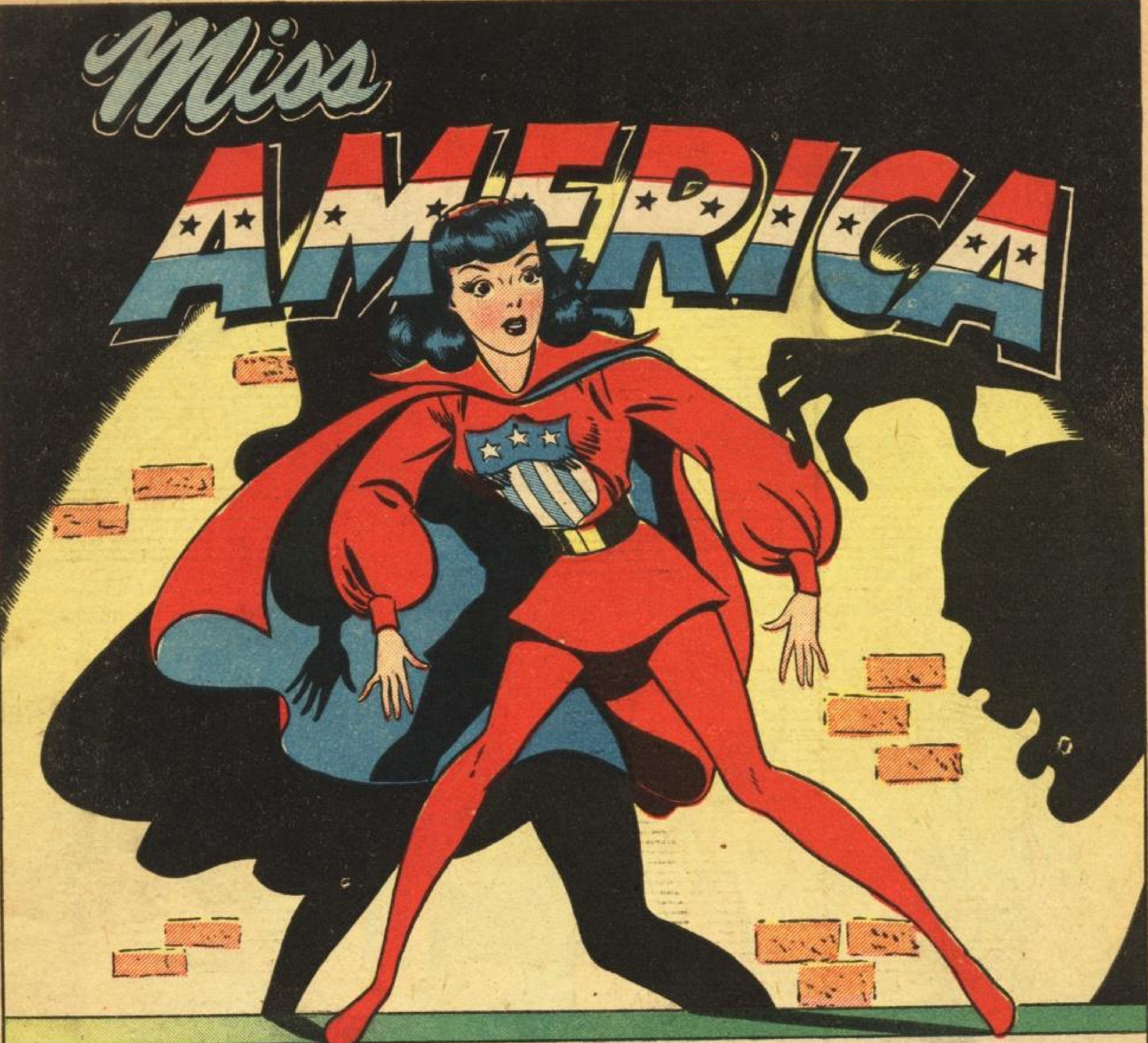
Let's work together to make MISS AMERICA one of the most important magazines for young girls; a magazine that will be a lovely companion and a source of inspiration and entertainment.

Always, your friend,
JEAN GOODMAN

Cover Girl: Dolores Conlon, 15—Hair style by MICHEL of Helena Rubenstein

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is published monthly by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORPORATION at 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Price 10c per copy, $1.00 per year. Vol. 1, No. 2, November 1944 issue. Copyright 1944 by Miss America Publishing Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Application for second-class entry pending. Chicago Advertising office: William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Illinois; New York Advertising office: Allen F. Quigley, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A.

Miss AMERICA

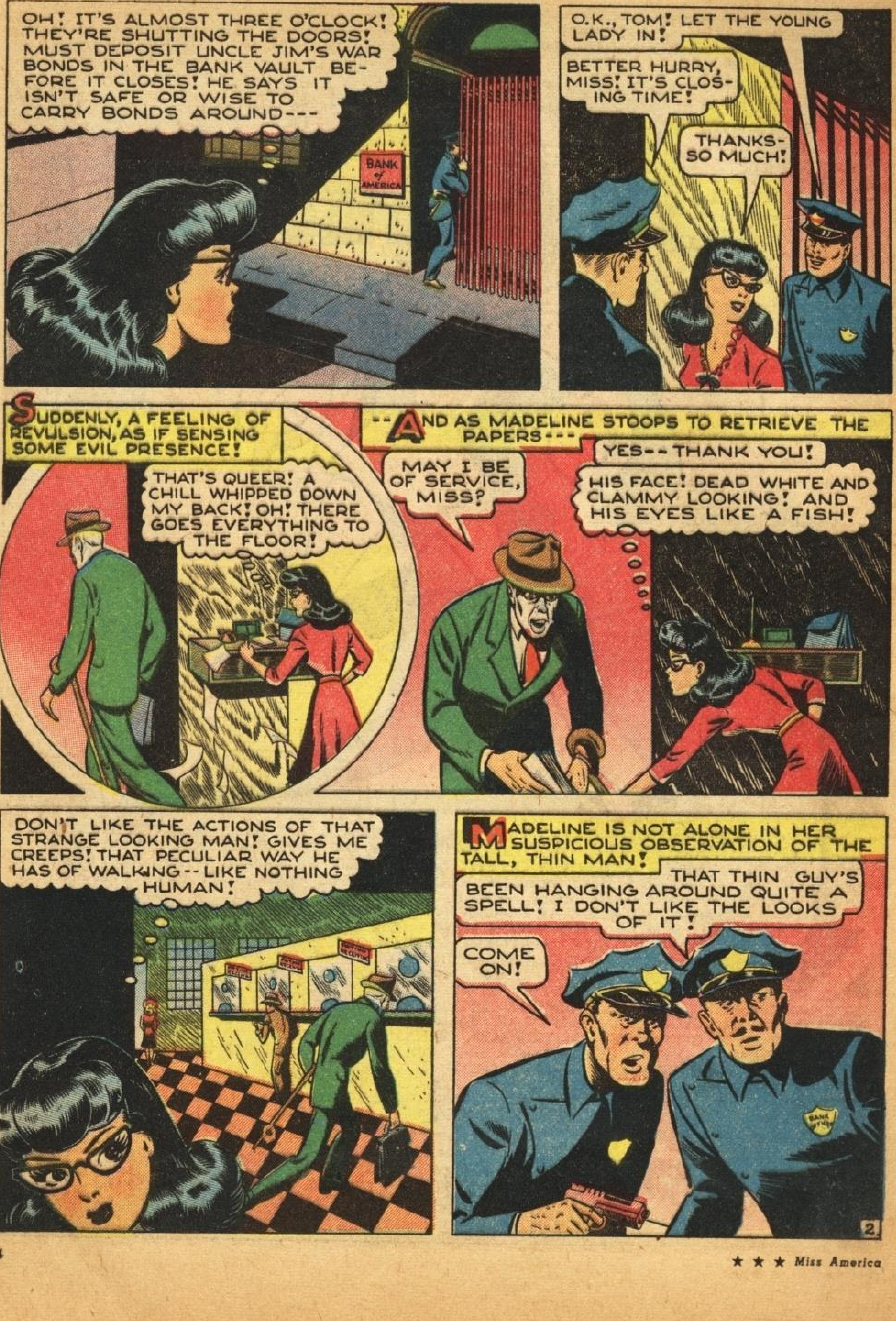


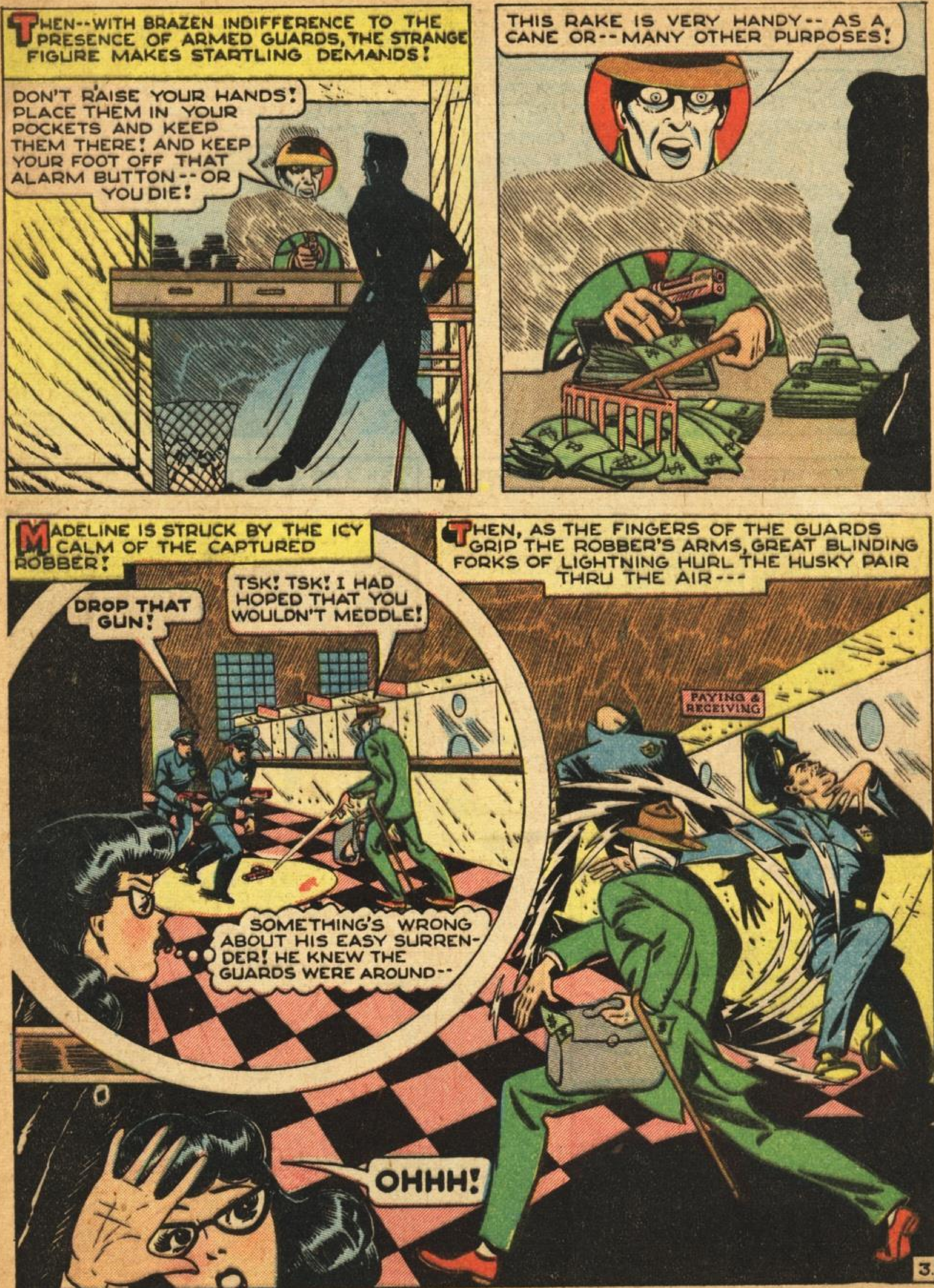
FOLLOW THE EXCITING EXPLOITS OF **MISS AMERICA** AS SHE BATTLES CRIME AND ALL THINGS EVIL IN "**THE MYSTERY OF THE SHOCKER!**" SINGLE-HANDEDLY, **MISS AMERICA** OUTWITS A SUPER-CRIMINAL WHO HAS TERRIBLE DESTRUCTIVE POWERS! BUT BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE, LET US INTRODUCE **MISS AMERICA** AND GIVE YOU HER BACKGROUND!

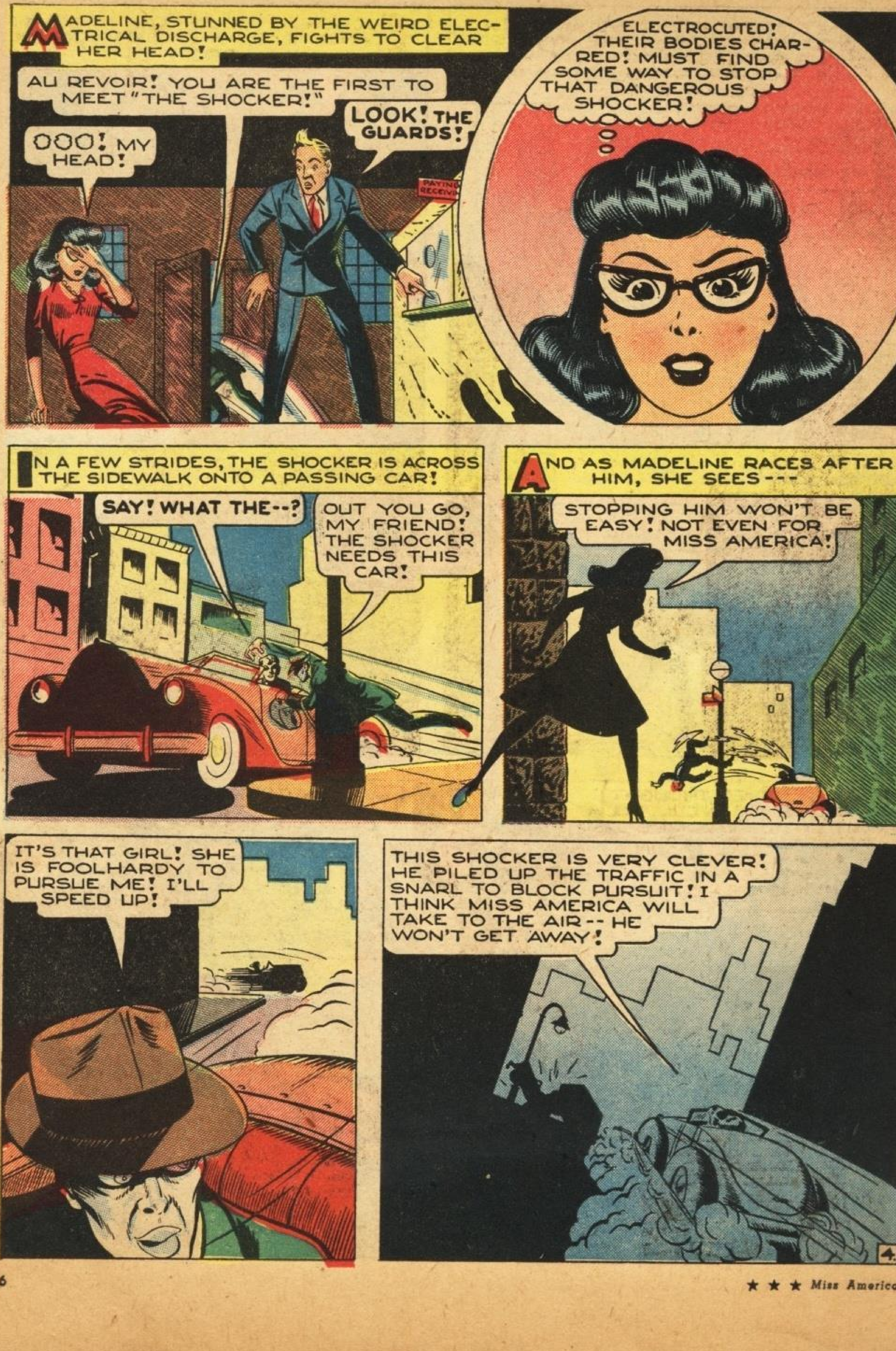
MISS AMERICA, REALLY, IS MADELINE JOYCE, A SWEET-FACED NORMAL 16-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO LIVES WITH HER KINDLY UNCLE, WELL-TO-DO JAMES BENTON! ONE DAY, WHILE VISITING HER UNCLE'S FRIEND, A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST-INVENTOR, MADELINE, NOT YET ENDOWED WITH HER EXTRAORDINARY POWERS, GOES INTO THE INVENTOR'S DEN! DURING THIS VISIT, AN ELECTRICAL STORM FILLS THE HEAVENS! MADELINE, TRAPPED IN A HIGH VOLTAGE CABINET, FALLS UNCONSCIOUS! FOLLOWING HER REVIVAL, AND WHILE DRIVING ALONG IN HER CAR, SHE CHANCED UPON CRIMINALS ATTACKING DEFENSELESS CITIZENS! OUTRAGED, SHE JUMPED OUT OF THE CAR AND --- MIRACULOUSLY, DISCOVERED THAT SHE COULD PERFORM SUPER-HUMAN FEATS! THUS **MISS AMERICA** CAME INTO BEING!

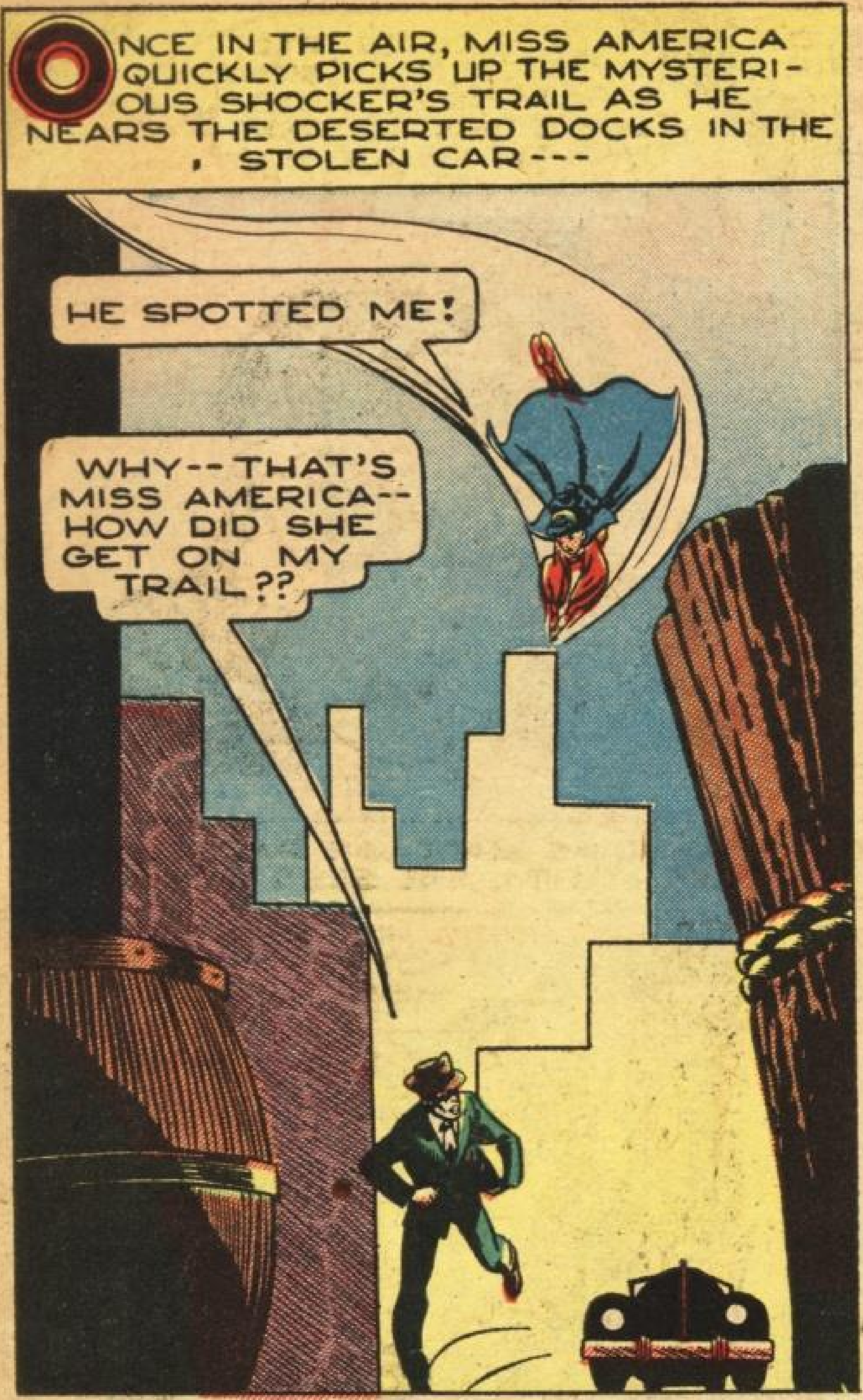
BUT PLEASE REMEMBER, AS YOU FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF **MISS AMERICA** THAT NOBODY BUT **YOU** KNOWS THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THIS REMARKABLE CRIME FIGHTER; ONLY YOU KNOW SHE IS MADELINE JOYCE AS SHE ASSUMES THE ROLE OF **MISS AMERICA**, CHAMPION OF JUSTICE IN---

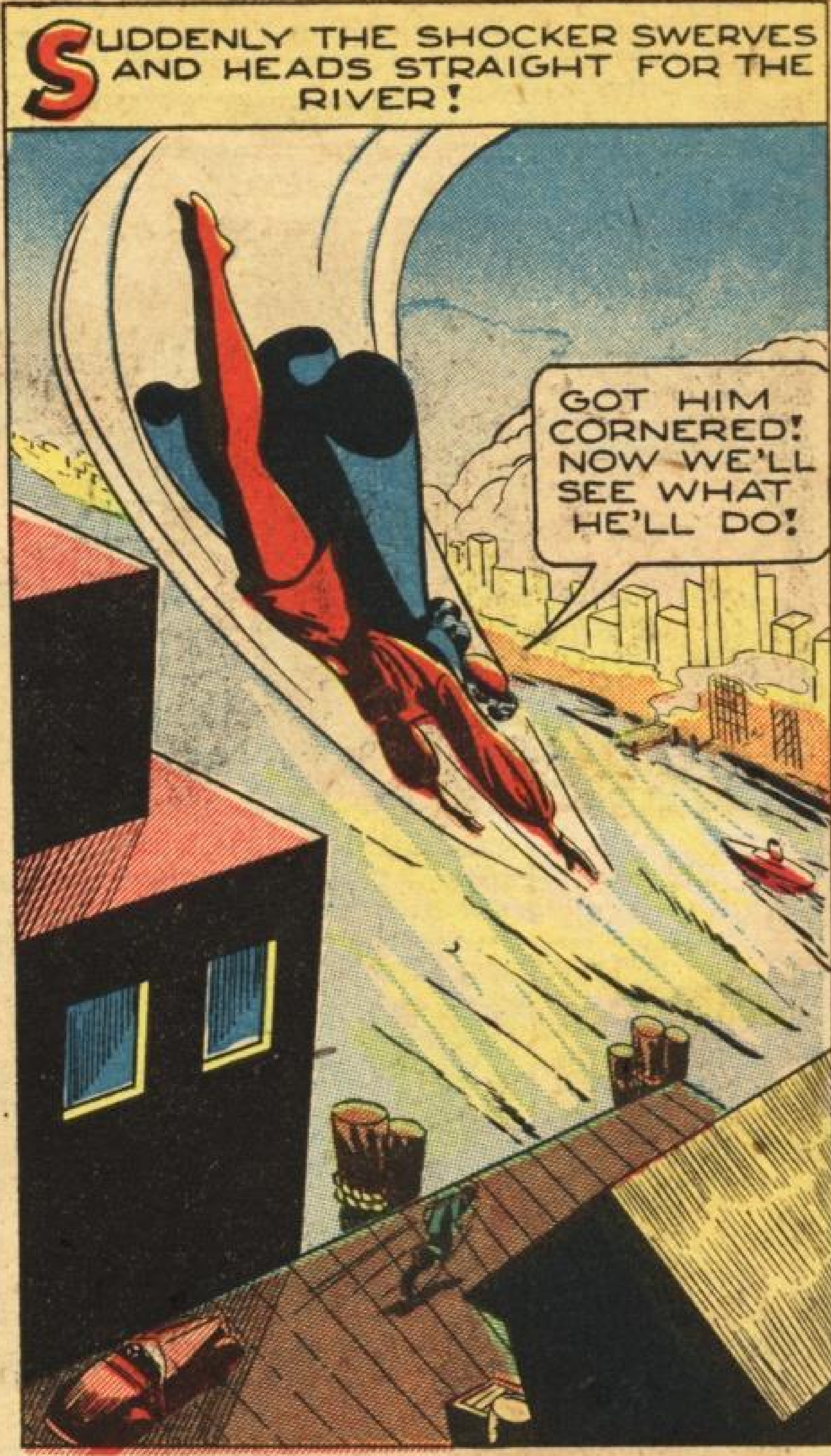
The MYSTERY of THE SHOCKER!

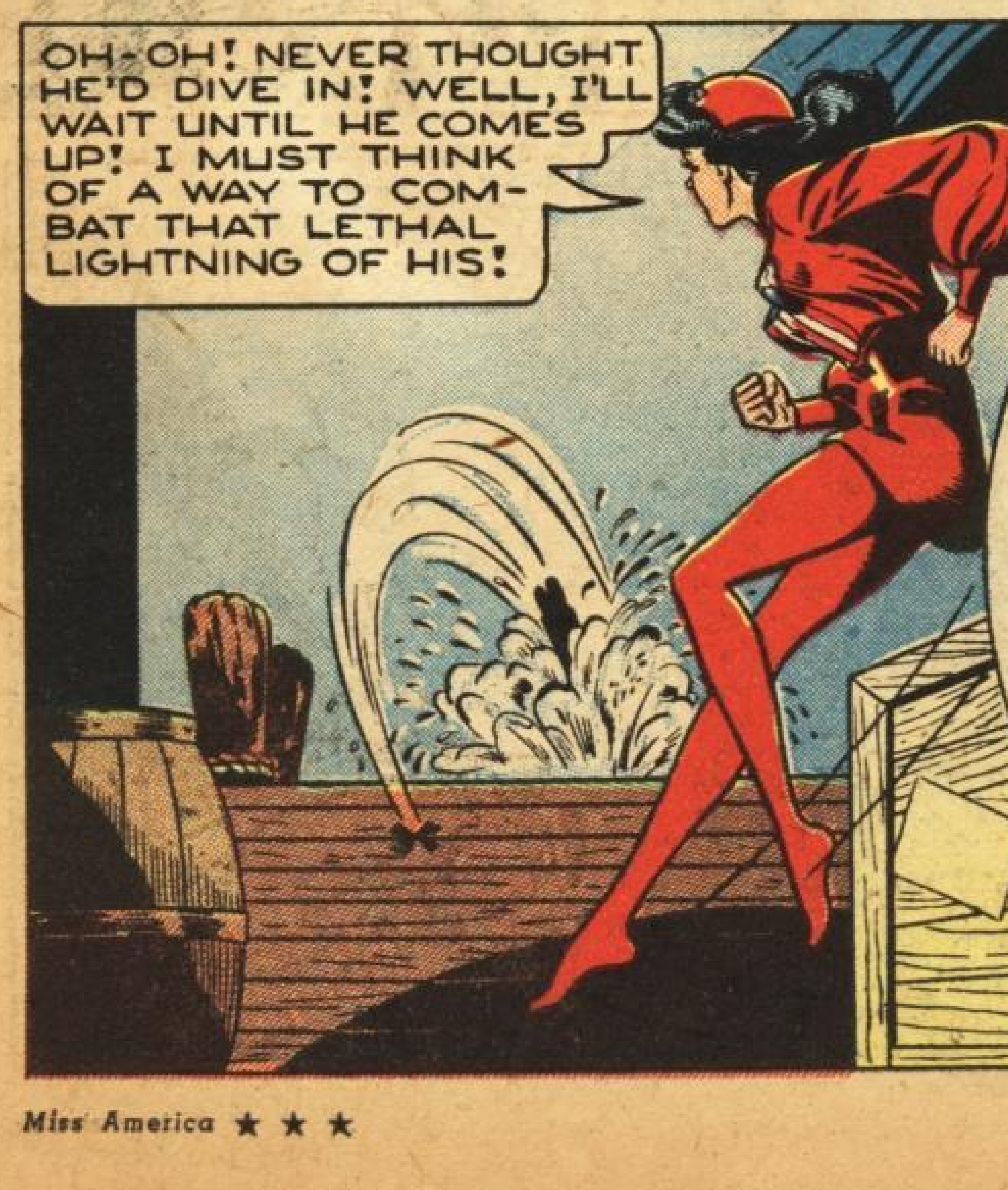

OH! IT'S ALMOST THREE O'CLOCK! THEY'RE SHUTTING THE DOORS! MUST DEPOSIT UNCLE JIM'S WAR BONDS IN THE BANK VAULT BEFORE IT CLOSES! HE SAYS IT ISN'T SAFE OR WISE TO CARRY BONDS AROUND---
BANK of AMERICA
O.K., TOM! LET THE YOUNG LADY IN!
BETTER HURRY, MISS! IT'S CLOSING TIME!
THANKS- SO MUCH!
SUDDENLY, A FEELING OF REVULSION, AS IF SENSING SOME EVIL PRESENCE!
THAT'S QUEER! A CHILL WHIPPED DOWN MY BACK! OH! THERE GOES EVERYTHING TO THE FLOOR!
--AND AS MADELINE STOOPS TO RETRIEVE THE PAPERS---
MAY I BE OF SERVICE, MISS?
YES--THANK YOU!
HIS FACE! DEAD WHITE AND CLAMMY LOOKING! AND HIS EYES LIKE A FISH!
DON'T LIKE THE ACTIONS OF THAT STRANGE LOOKING MAN! GIVES ME CREEPS! THAT PECULIAR WAY HE HAS OF WALKING--LIKE NOTHING HUMAN!
MADELINE IS NOT ALONE IN HER SUSPICIOUS OBSERVATION OF THE TALL, THIN MAN!
THAT THIN GUY'S BEEN HANGING AROUND QUITE A SPELL! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT!
COME ON!
BANK
2

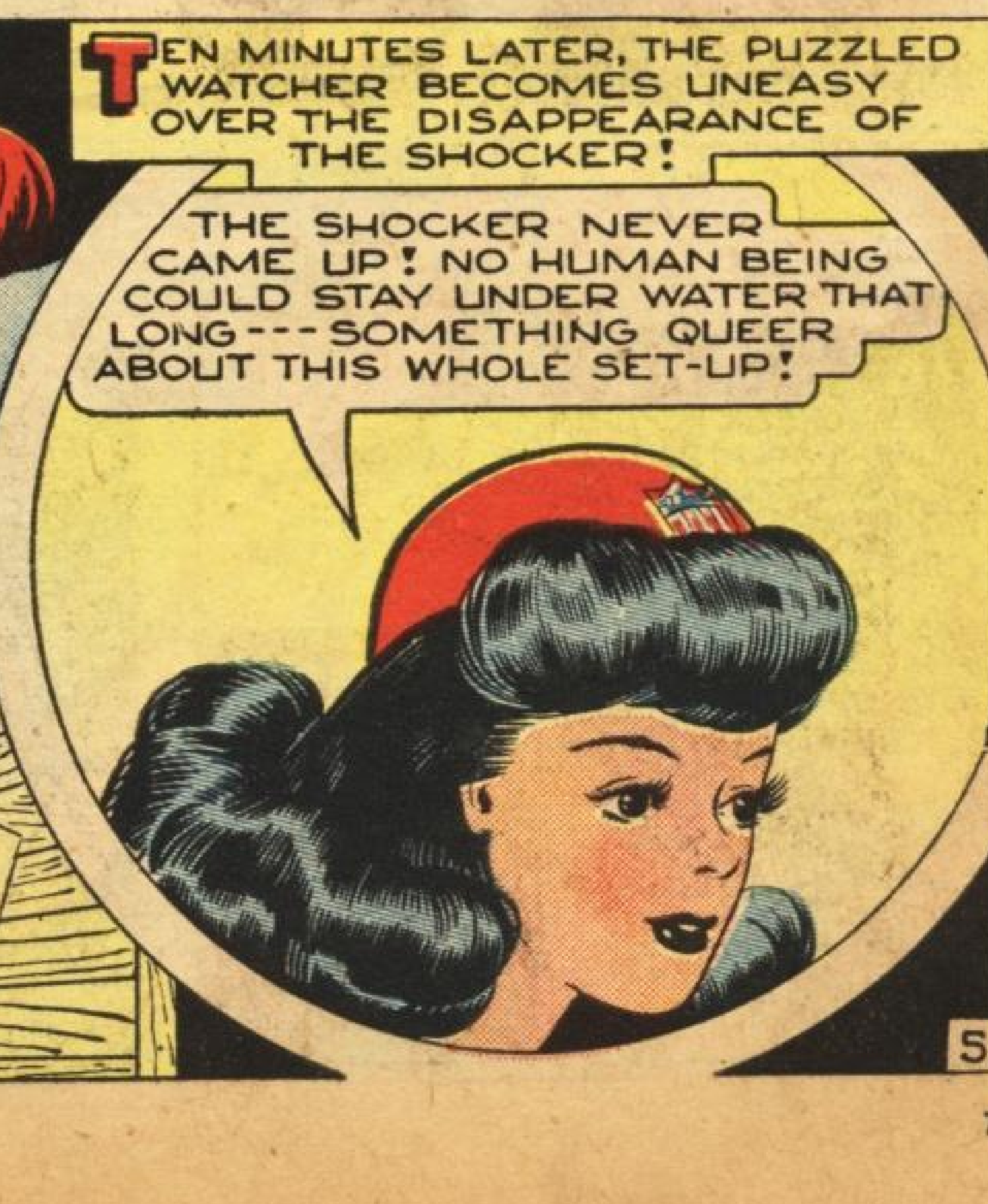

THEN--WITH BRAZEN INDIFFERENCE TO THE PRESENCE OF ARMED GUARDS, THE STRANGE FIGURE MAKES STARTLING DEMANDS!
DON'T RAISE YOUR HANDS! PLACE THEM IN YOUR POCKETS AND KEEP THEM THERE! AND KEEP YOUR FOOT OFF THAT ALARM BUTTON--OR YOU DIE!
THIS RAKE IS VERY HANDY--AS A CANE OR--MANY OTHER PURPOSES!
MADELINE IS STRUCK BY THE ICY CALM OF THE CAPTURED ROBBER!
DROP THAT GUN!
TSK! TSK! I HAD HOPED THAT YOU WOULDN'T MEDDLE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG ABOUT HIS EASY SURRENDER! HE KNEW THE GUARDS WERE AROUND--
OHHH!
THEN, AS THE FINGERS OF THE GUARDS GRIP THE ROBBER'S ARMS, GREAT BLINDING FORKS OF LIGHTNING HURL THE HUSKY PAIR THRU THE AIR---
PAYING & RECEIVING
3.

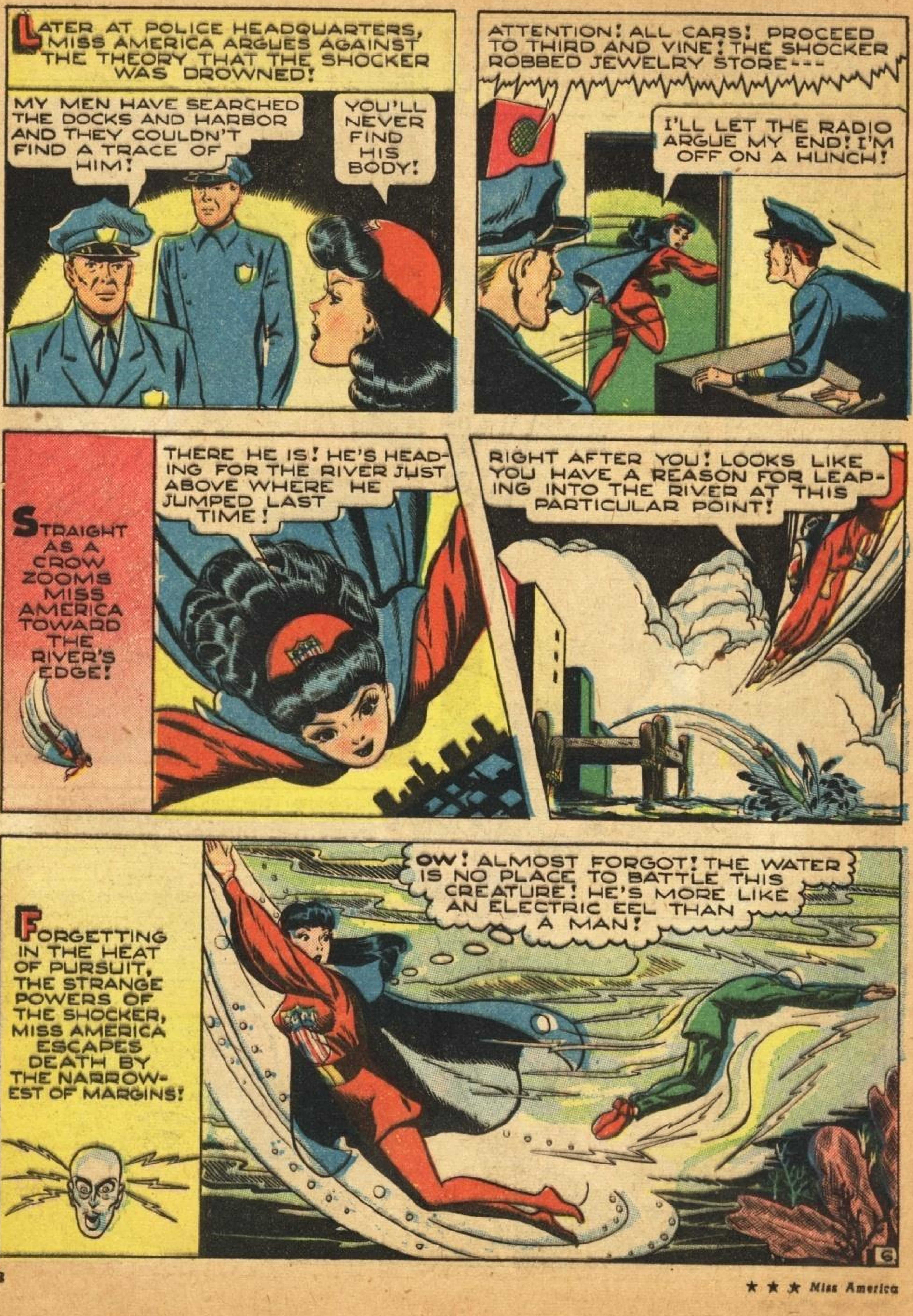

MADELINE, STUNNED BY THE WEIRD ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE, FIGHTS TO CLEAR HER HEAD!
AU REVOIR! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO MEET "THE SHOCKER!"
LOOK! THE GUARDS!
OOO! MY HEAD!
PAYING RECEIVING
ELECTROCUTED! THEIR BODIES CHARRED! MUST FIND SOME WAY TO STOP THAT DANGEROUS SHOCKER!
IN A FEW STRIDES, THE SHOCKER IS ACROSS THE SIDEWALK ONTO A PASSING CAR!
SAY! WHAT THE--?
OUT YOU GO, MY FRIEND! THE SHOCKER NEEDS THIS CAR!
AND AS MADELINE RACES AFTER HIM, SHE SEES---
STOPPING HIM WON'T BE EASY! NOT EVEN FOR MISS AMERICA!
IT'S THAT GIRL! SHE IS FOOLHARDY TO PURSUE ME! I'LL SPEED UP!
THIS SHOCKER IS VERY CLEVER! HE PILED UP THE TRAFFIC IN A SNARL TO BLOCK PURSUIT! I THINK MISS AMERICA WILL TAKE TO THE AIR -- HE WON'T GET AWAY!
4.

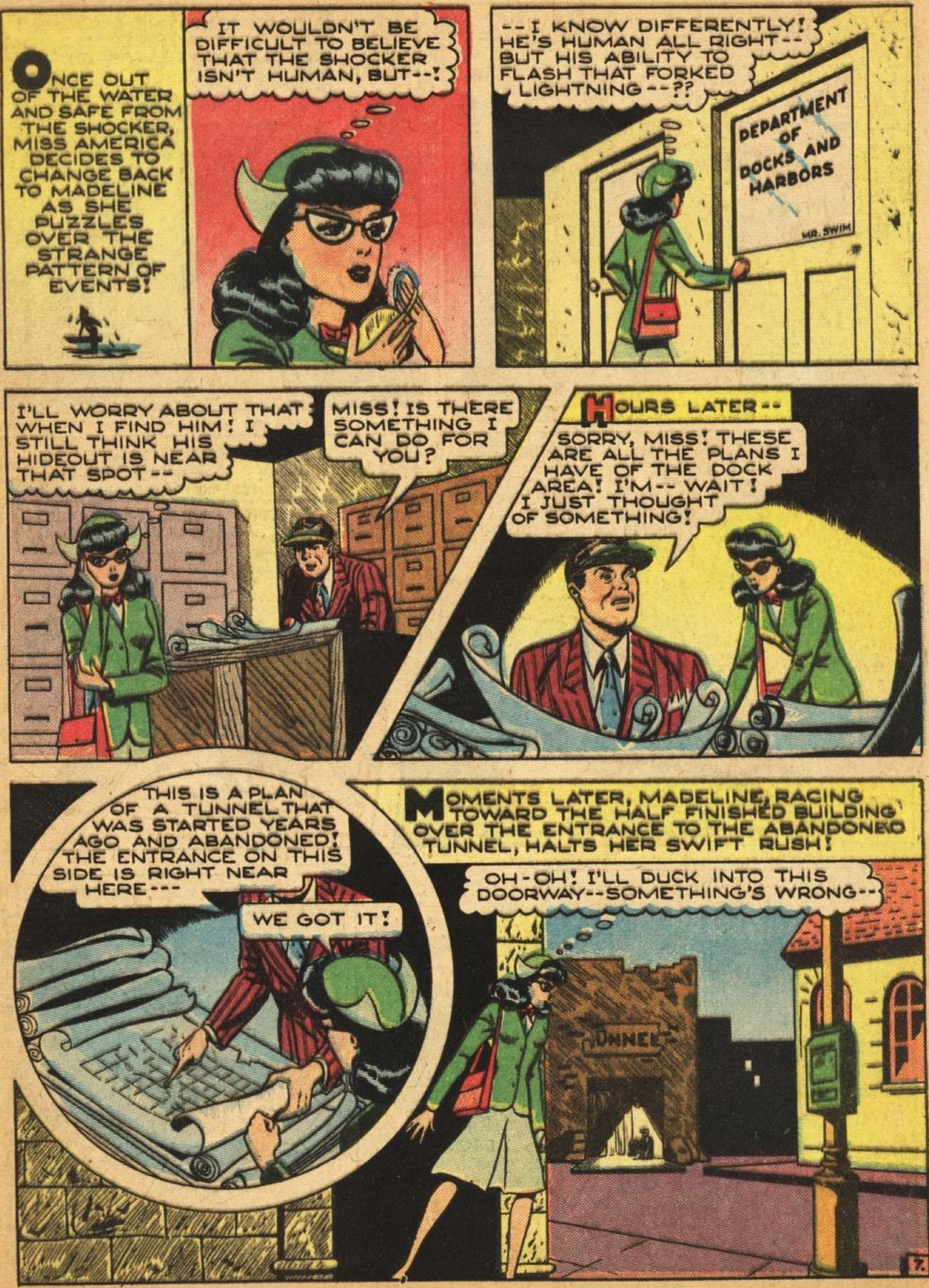

ONCE IN THE AIR, MISS AMERICA QUICKLY PICKS UP THE MYSTERIOUS SHOCKER'S TRAIL AS HE NEARS THE DESERTED DOCKS IN THE STOLEN CAR---
HE SPOTTED ME!
WHY--THAT'S MISS AMERICA--HOW DID SHE GET ON MY TRAIL??

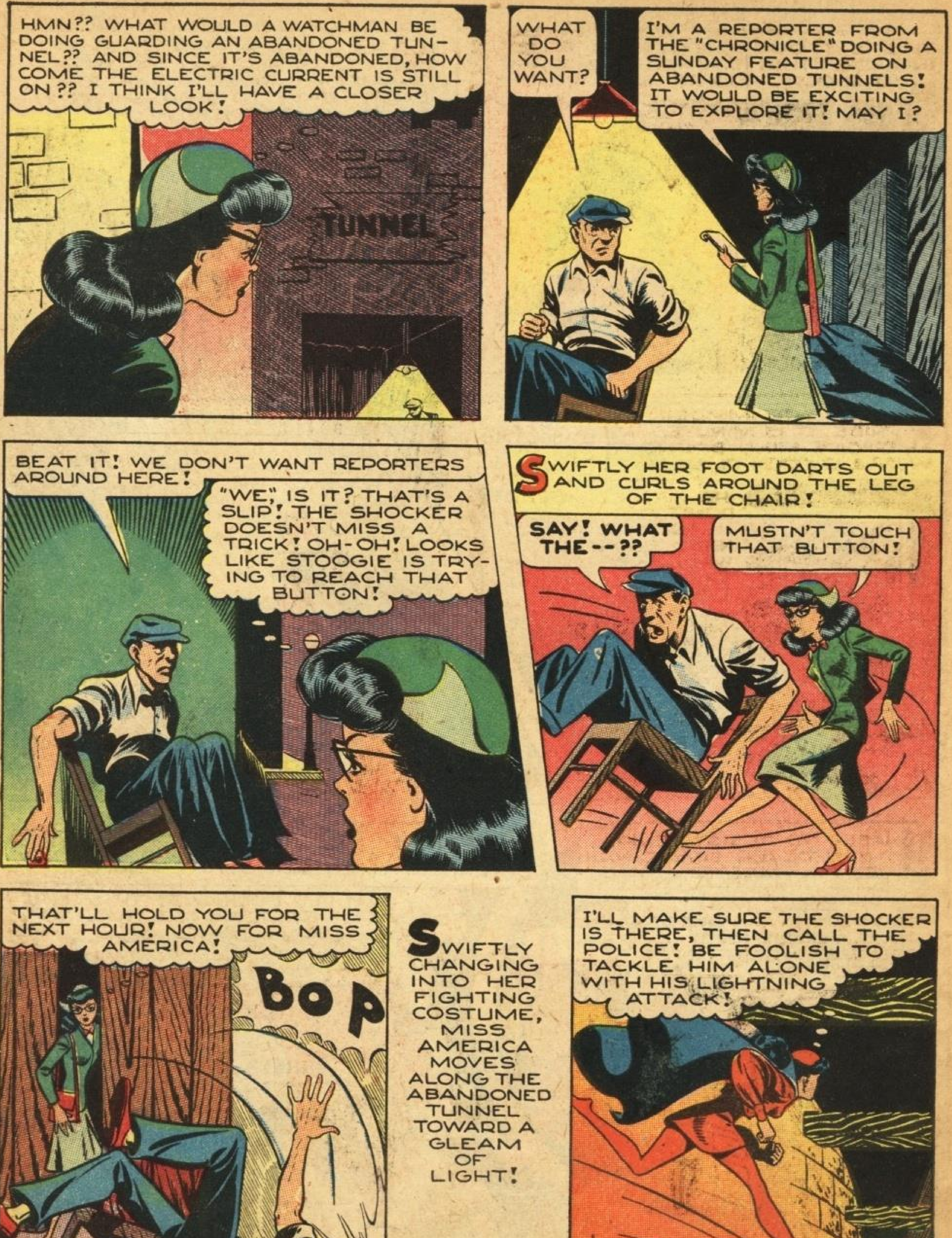

SUDDENLY THE SHOCKER SWERVES AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE RIVER!
GOT HIM CORNERED! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT HE'LL DO!

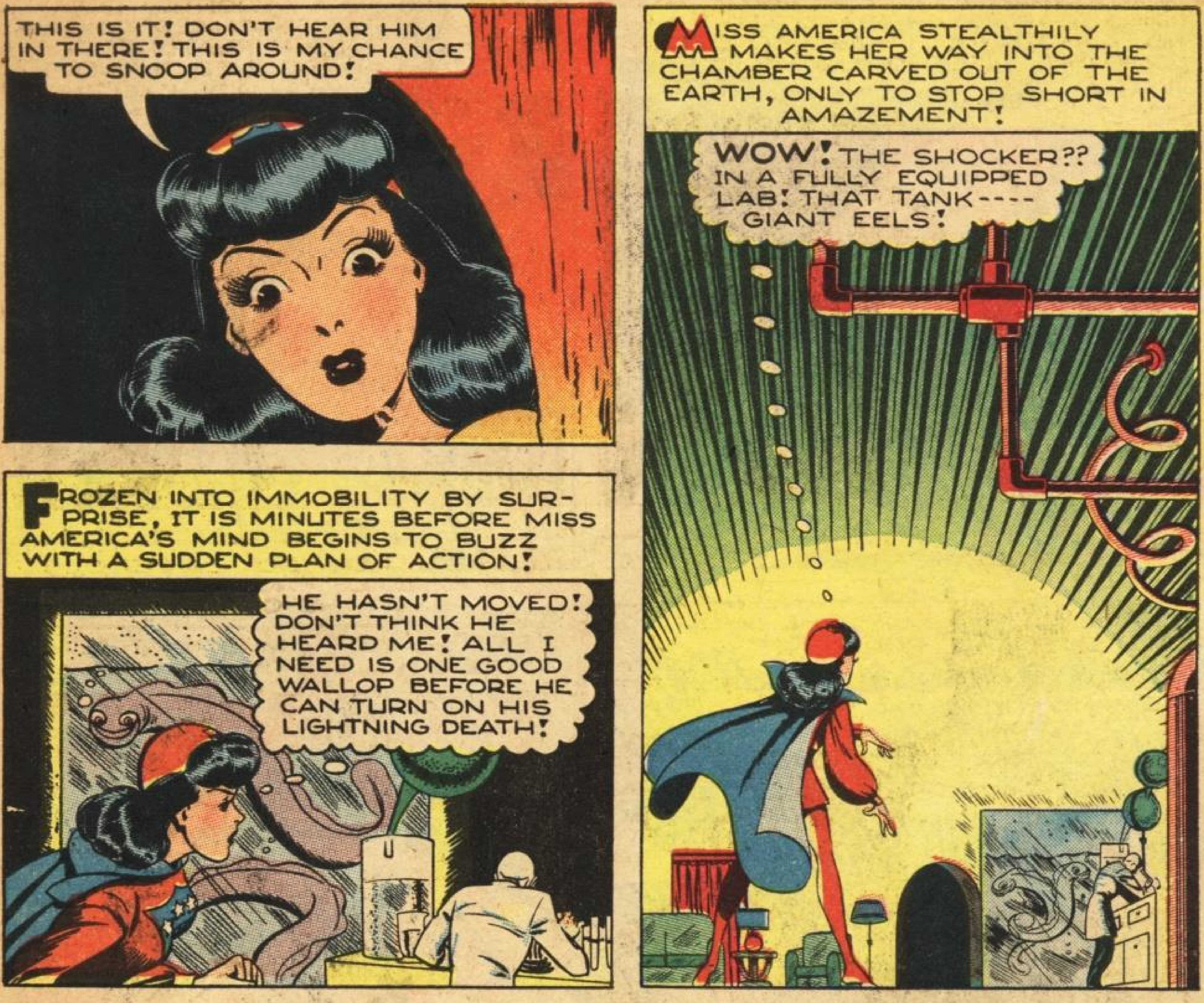

OH-OH! NEVER THOUGHT HE'D DIVE IN! WELL, I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE COMES UP! I MUST THINK OF A WAY TO COMBAT THAT LETHAL LIGHTNING OF HIS!

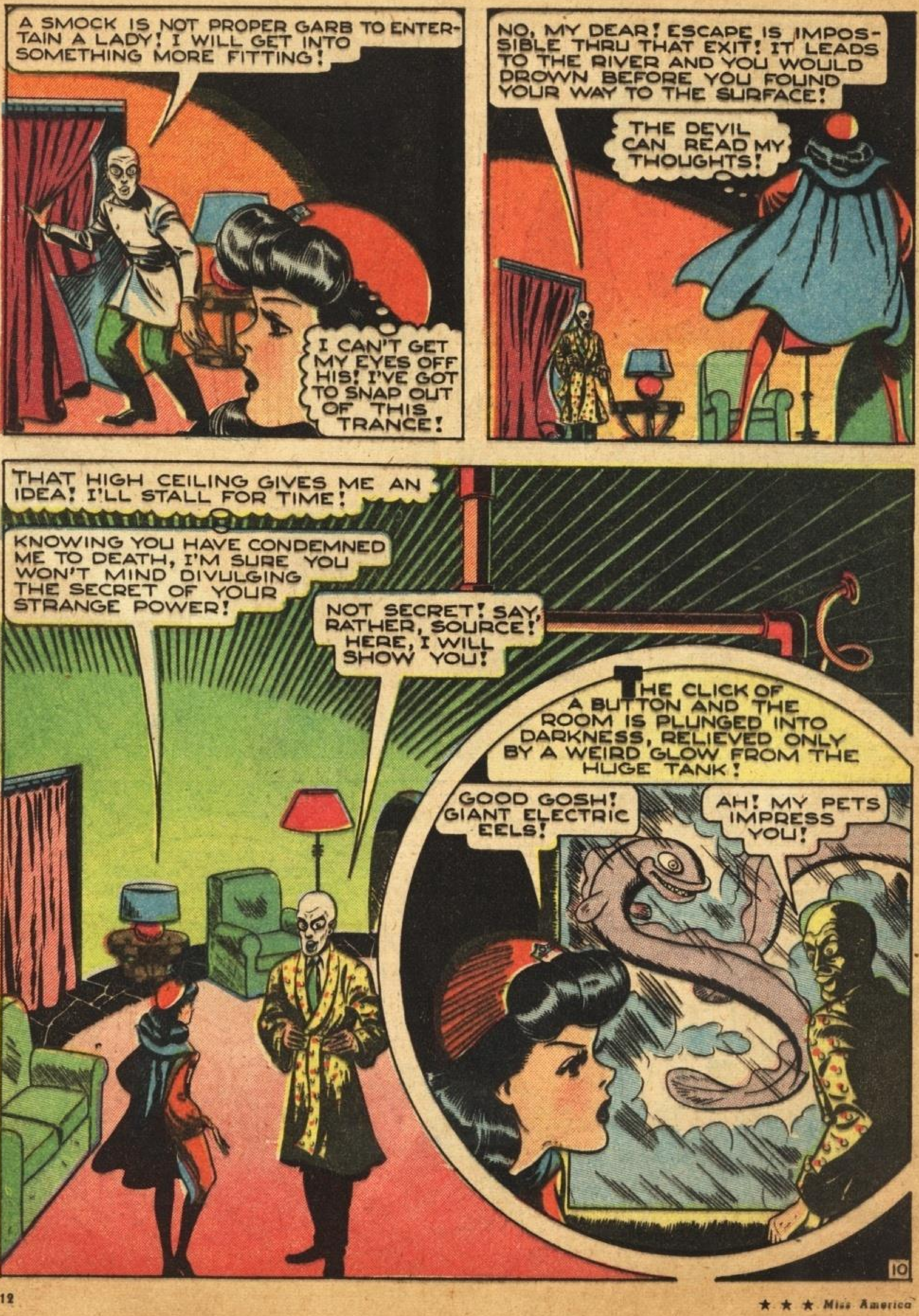

TEN MINUTES LATER, THE PUZZLED WATCHER BECOMES UNEASY OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SHOCKER!
THE SHOCKER NEVER CAME UP! NO HUMAN BEING COULD STAY UNDER WATER THAT LONG---SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP!
5

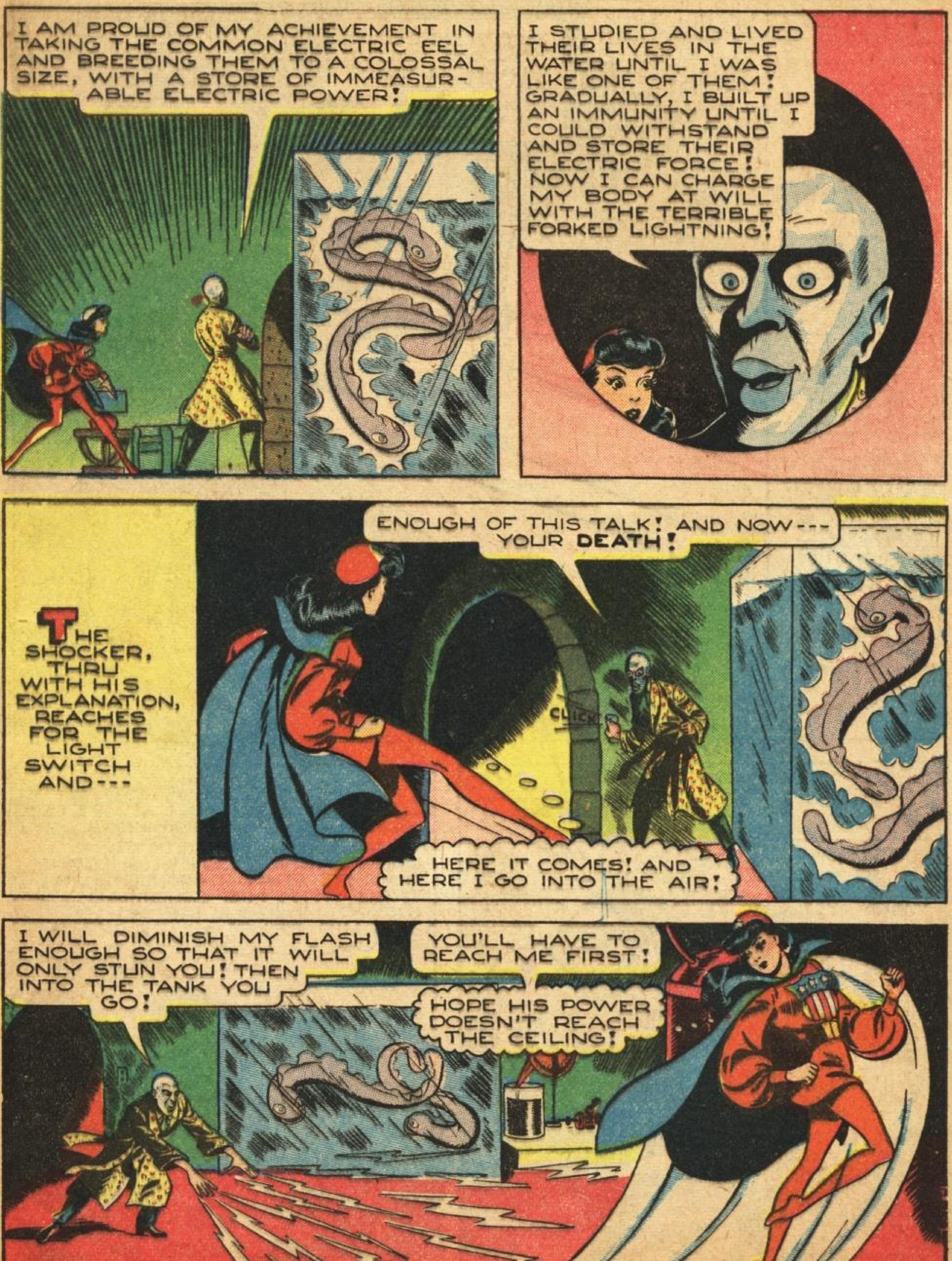

LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MISS AMERICA ARGUES AGAINST THE THEORY THAT THE SHOCKER WAS DROWNED!
MY MEN HAVE SEARCHED THE DOCKS AND HARBOR AND THEY COULDN'T FIND A TRACE OF HIM!
YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIS BODY!
ATTENTION! ALL CARS! PROCEED TO THIRD AND VINE! THE SHOCKER ROBBED JEWELRY STORE---
I'LL LET THE RADIO ARGUE MY END! I'M OFF ON A HUNCH!
STRAIGHT AS A CROW ZOOMS MISS AMERICA TOWARD THE RIVER'S EDGE!
THERE HE IS! HE'S HEADING FOR THE RIVER JUST ABOVE WHERE HE JUMPED LAST TIME!
RIGHT AFTER YOU! LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE A REASON FOR LEAPING INTO THE RIVER AT THIS PARTICULAR POINT!
FORGETTING IN THE HEAT OF PURSUIT, THE STRANGE POWERS OF THE SHOCKER, MISS AMERICA ESCAPES DEATH BY THE NARROWEST OF MARGINS!
OW! ALMOST FORGOT! THE WATER IS NO PLACE TO BATTLE THIS CREATURE! HE'S MORE LIKE AN ELECTRIC EEL THAN A MAN!
6

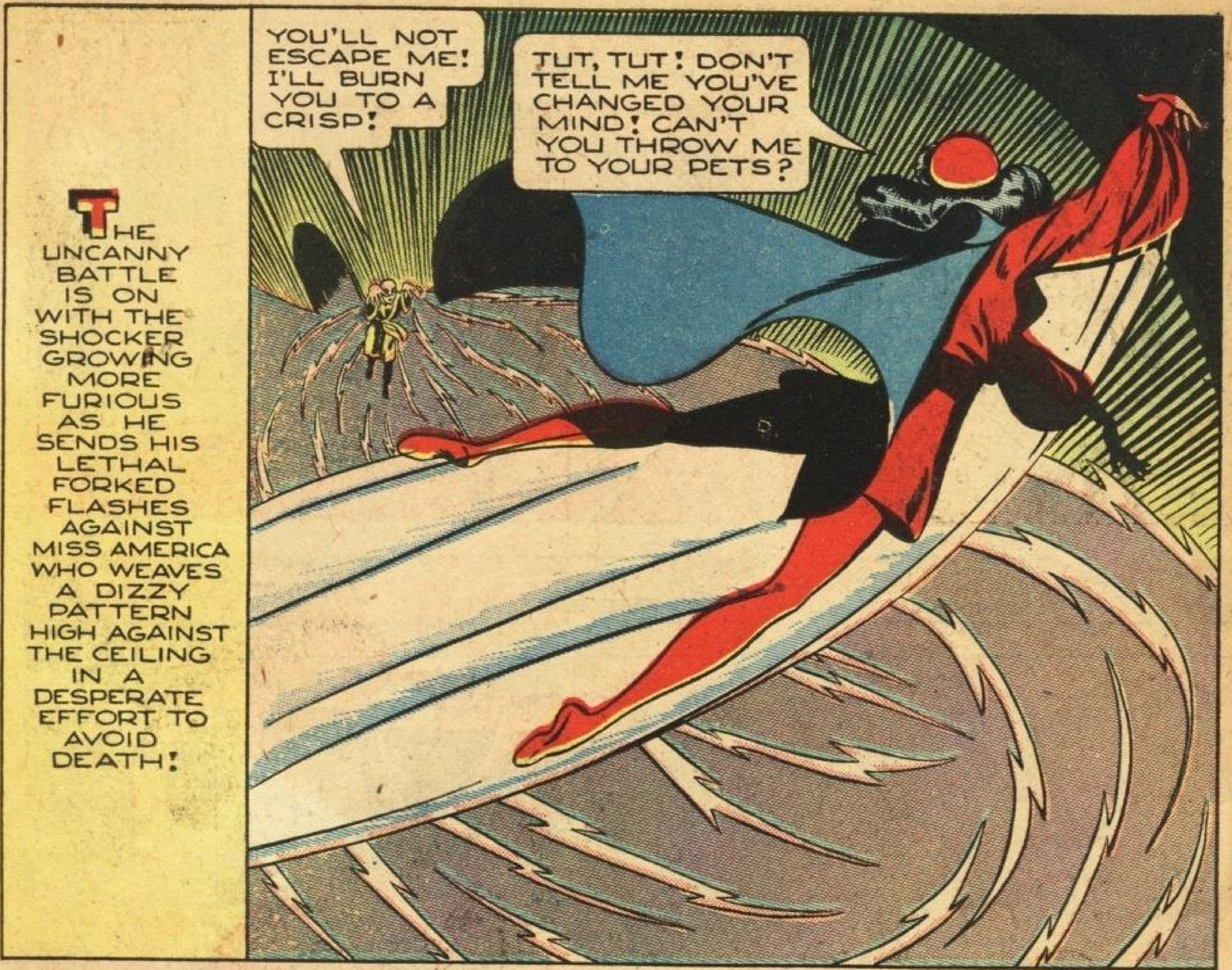

ONCE OUT OF THE WATER AND SAFE FROM THE SHOCKER, MISS AMERICA DECIDES TO CHANGE BACK TO MADELINE AS SHE PUZZLES OVER THE STRANGE PATTERN OF EVENTS!
IT WOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE THAT THE SHOCKER ISN'T HUMAN, BUT--!
--I KNOW DIFFERENTLY! HE'S HUMAN ALL RIGHT-- BUT HIS ABILITY TO FLASH THAT FORKED LIGHTNING--??
DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS AND HARBORS
MR. SWIM
I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT WHEN I FIND HIM! I STILL THINK HIS HIDEOUT IS NEAR THAT SPOT--
MISS! IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
HOURS LATER--
SORRY, MISS! THESE ARE ALL THE PLANS I HAVE OF THE DOCK AREA! I'M-- WAIT! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!
THIS IS A PLAN OF A TUNNEL THAT WAS STARTED YEARS AGO AND ABANDONED! THE ENTRANCE ON THIS SIDE IS RIGHT NEAR HERE---
WE GOT IT!
MOMENTS LATER, MADELINE, RACING TOWARD THE HALF FINISHED BUILDING OVER THE ENTRANCE TO THE ABANDONED TUNNEL, HALTS HER SWIFT RUSH!
OH-OH! I'LL DUCK INTO THIS DOORWAY--SOMETHING'S WRONG--
UNNEL
7.

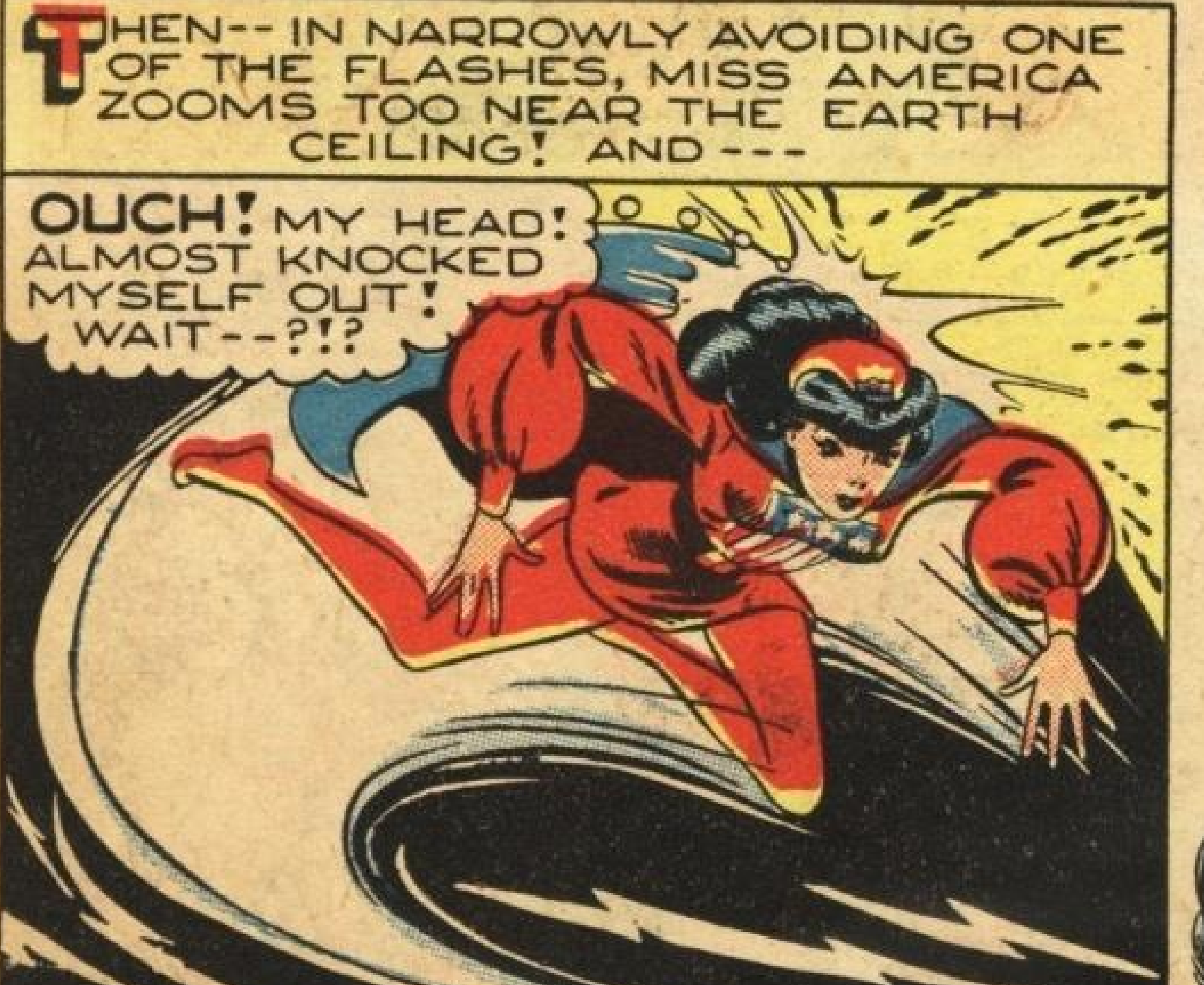

HMN?? WHAT WOULD A WATCHMAN BE DOING GUARDING AN ABANDONED TUNNEL?? AND SINCE IT'S ABANDONED, HOW COME THE ELECTRIC CURRENT IS STILL ON?? I THINK I'LL HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!
TUNNEL
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'M A REPORTER FROM THE "CHRONICLE" DOING A SUNDAY FEATURE ON ABANDONED TUNNELS! IT WOULD BE EXCITING TO EXPLORE IT! MAY I?
BEAT IT! WE DON'T WANT REPORTERS AROUND HERE!
"WE," IS IT? THAT'S A SLIP! THE SHOCKER DOESN'T MISS A TRICK! OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE STOOGIE IS TRYING TO REACH THAT BUTTON!
SWIFTLY HER FOOT DARTS OUT AND CURLS AROUND THE LEG OF THE CHAIR!
SAY! WHAT THE--??
MUSTN'T TOUCH THAT BUTTON!
THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR THE NEXT HOUR! NOW FOR MISS AMERICA!
BOP
SWIFTLY CHANGING INTO HER FIGHTING COSTUME, MISS AMERICA MOVES ALONG THE ABANDONED TUNNEL TOWARD A GLEAM OF LIGHT!
I'LL MAKE SURE THE SHOCKER IS THERE, THEN CALL THE POLICE! BE FOOLISH TO TACKLE HIM ALONE WITH HIS LIGHTNING ATTACK!
8.

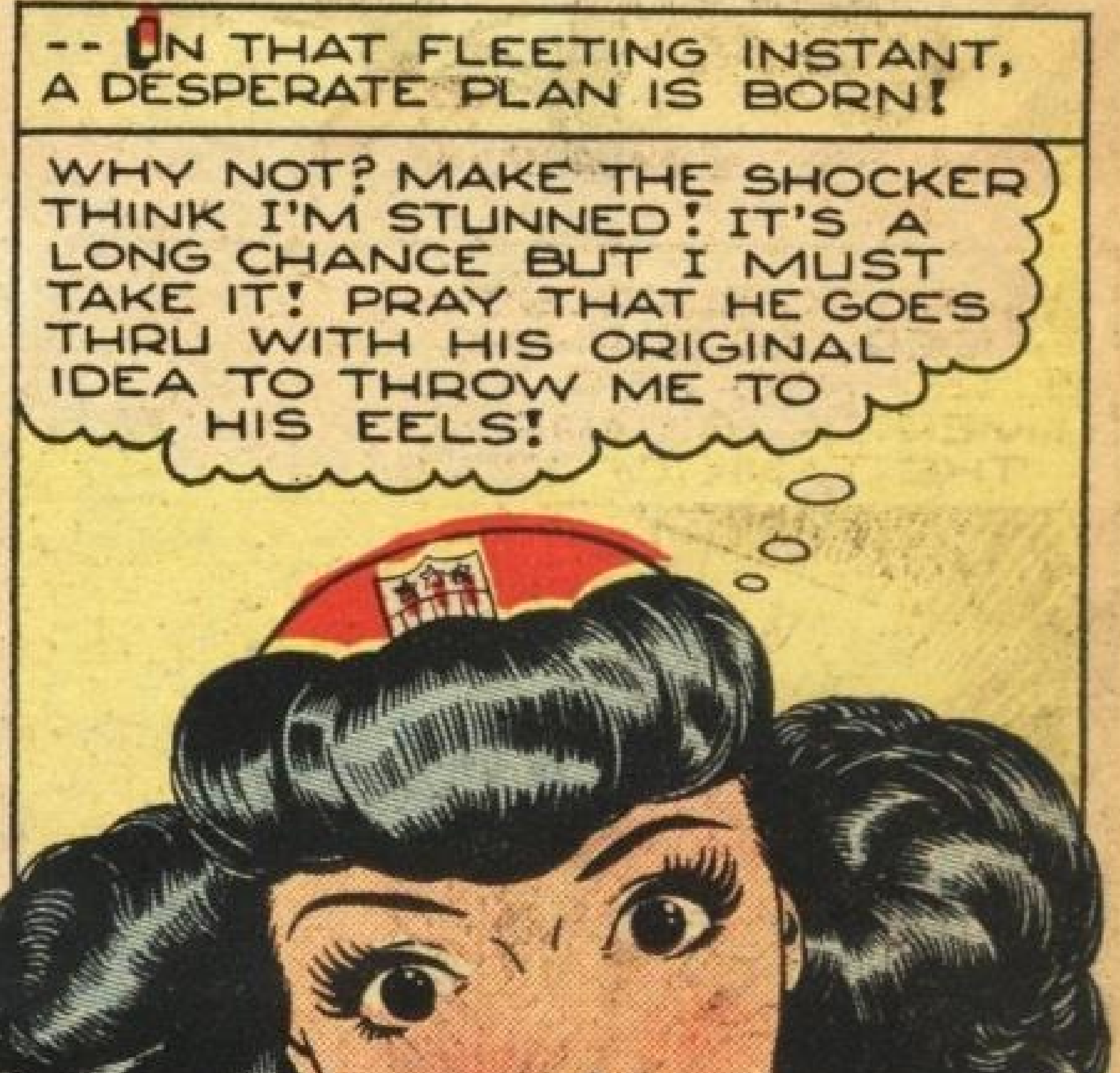

THIS IS IT! DON'T HEAR HIM IN THERE! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO SNOOP AROUND!
MISS AMERICA STEALTHILY MAKES HER WAY INTO THE CHAMBER CARVED OUT OF THE EARTH, ONLY TO STOP SHORT IN AMAZEMENT!
WOW! THE SHOCKER?? IN A FULLY EQUIPPED LAB! THAT TANK---- GIANT EELS!
FROZEN INTO IMMOBILITY BY SURPRISE, IT IS MINUTES BEFORE MISS AMERICA'S MIND BEGINS TO BUZZ WITH A SUDDEN PLAN OF ACTION!
HE HASN'T MOVED! DON'T THINK HE HEARD ME! ALL I NEED IS ONE GOOD WALLOP BEFORE HE CAN TURN ON HIS LIGHTNING DEATH!
UNABLE TO RESIST TEMPTATION TO CAPTURE THE SHOCKER SINGLE-HANDED, MISS AMERICA MOVES FORWARD TO ATTACK--WHEN---!
AH! WELCOME, MISS AMERICA! FORGIVE ME FOR NOT TURNING AROUND, BUT THIS EXPERIMENT REQUIRES UNRESTRICTED ATTENTION!
I SUGGEST YOU FORGET ABOUT ESCAPE! I WILL BE AT YOUR SERVICE IN A MINUTE!

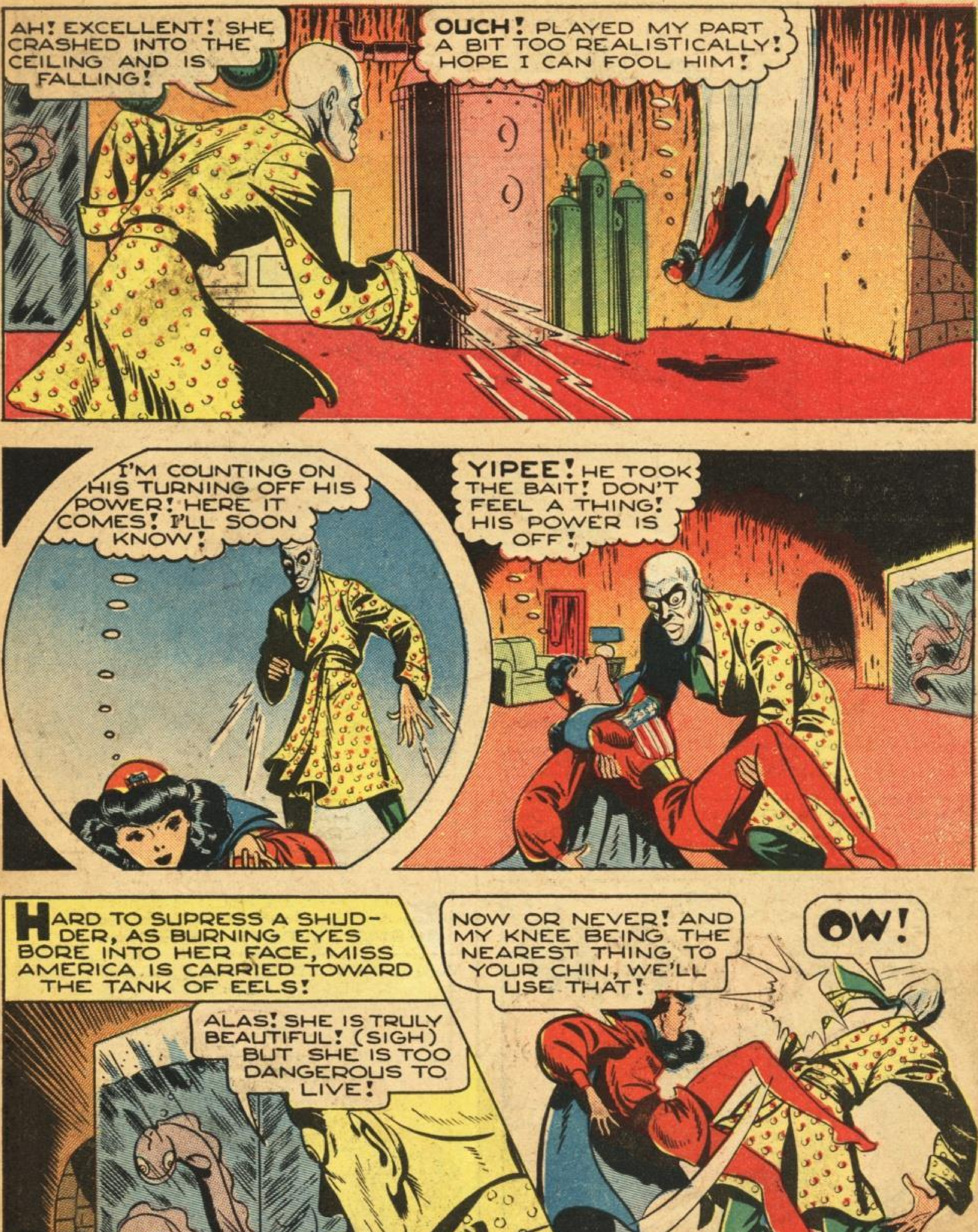

A SMOCK IS NOT PROPER GARB TO ENTERTAIN A LADY! I WILL GET INTO SOMETHING MORE FITTING!
I CAN'T GET MY EYES OFF HIS! I'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF THIS TRANCE!
NO, MY DEAR! ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE THRU THAT EXIT! IT LEADS TO THE RIVER AND YOU WOULD DROWN BEFORE YOU FOUND YOUR WAY TO THE SURFACE!
THE DEVIL CAN READ MY THOUGHTS!
THAT HIGH CEILING GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL STALL FOR TIME!
KNOWING YOU HAVE CONDEMNED ME TO DEATH, I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND DIVULGING THE SECRET OF YOUR STRANGE POWER!
NOT SECRET! SAY, RATHER, SOURCE! HERE, I WILL SHOW YOU!
THE CLICK OF A BUTTON AND THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, RELIEVED ONLY BY A WEIRD GLOW FROM THE HUGE TANK!
GOOD GOSH! GIANT ELECTRIC EELS!
AH! MY PETS IMPRESS YOU!
10

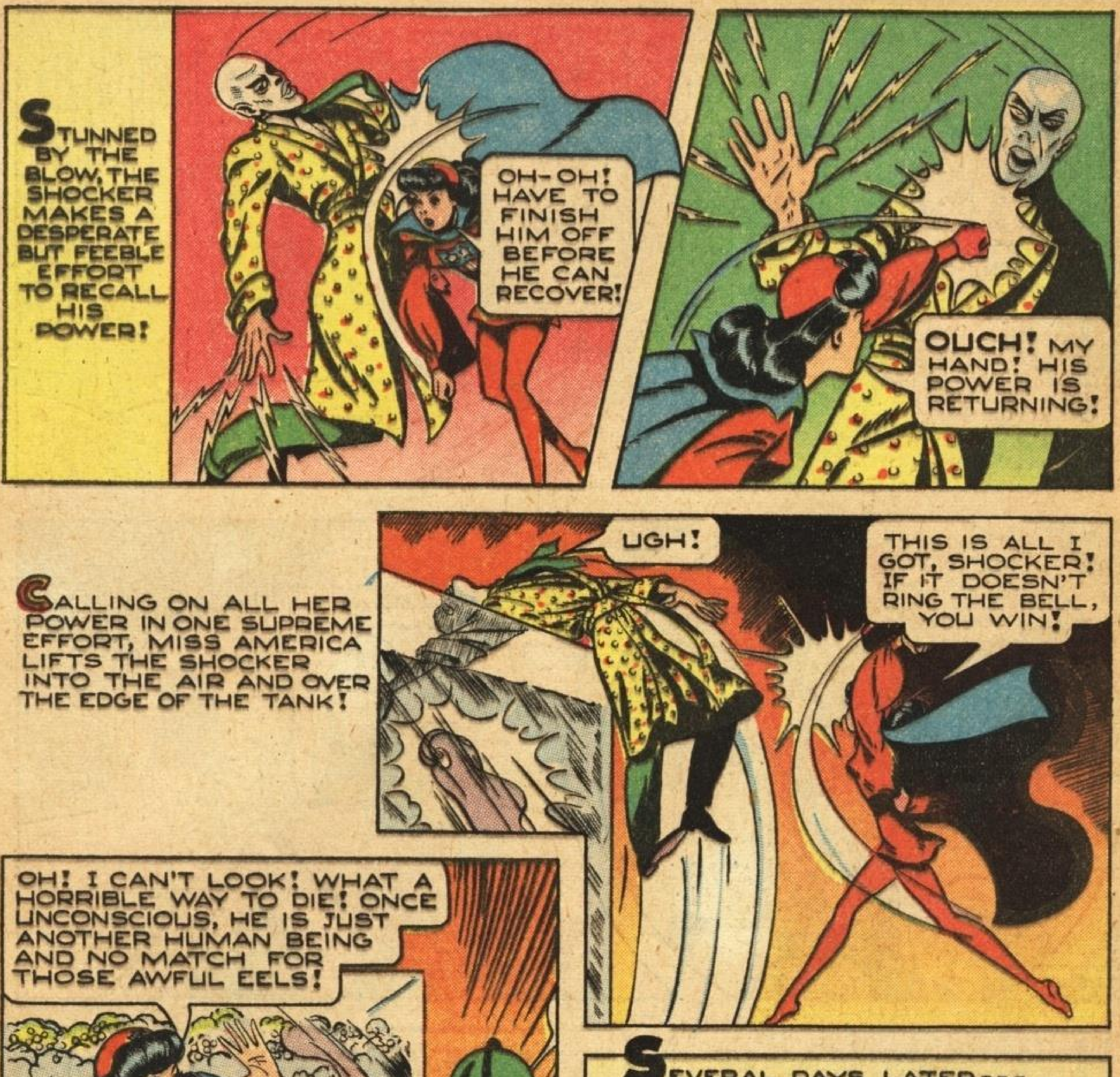

I AM PROUD OF MY ACHIEVEMENT IN TAKING THE COMMON ELECTRIC EEL AND BREEDING THEM TO A COLOSSAL SIZE, WITH A STORE OF IMMEASURABLE ELECTRIC POWER!
I STUDIED AND LIVED THEIR LIVES IN THE WATER UNTIL I WAS LIKE ONE OF THEM! GRADUALLY, I BUILT UP AN IMMUNITY UNTIL I COULD WITHSTAND AND STORE THEIR ELECTRIC FORCE! NOW I CAN CHARGE MY BODY AT WILL WITH THE TERRIBLE FORKED LIGHTNING!
THE SHOCKER, THRU WITH HIS EXPLANATION, REACHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH AND---
ENOUGH OF THIS TALK! AND NOW--- YOUR **DEATH**!
CLICK
HERE IT COMES! AND HERE I GO INTO THE AIR!
I WILL DIMINISH MY FLASH ENOUGH SO THAT IT WILL ONLY STUN YOU! THEN INTO THE TANK YOU GO!
YOU'LL HAVE TO REACH ME FIRST!
HOPE HIS POWER DOESN'T REACH THE CEILING!
11.


THE UNCANNY BATTLE IS ON WITH THE SHOCKER GROWING MORE FURIOUS AS HE SENDS HIS LETHAL FORKED FLASHES AGAINST MISS AMERICA WHO WEAVES A DIZZY PATTERN HIGH AGAINST THE CEILING IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO AVOID DEATH!
YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE ME! I'LL BURN YOU TO A CRISP!
TUT, TUT! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND! CAN'T YOU THROW ME TO YOUR PETS?


THEN-- IN NARROWLY AVOIDING ONE OF THE FLASHES, MISS AMERICA ZOOMS TOO NEAR THE EARTH CEILING! AND---
OUCH! MY HEAD! ALMOST KNOCKED MYSELF OUT! WAIT--?!?


-- IN THAT FLEETING INSTANT, A DESPERATE PLAN IS BORN!
WHY NOT? MAKE THE SHOCKER THINK I'M STUNNED! IT'S A LONG CHANCE BUT I MUST TAKE IT! PRAY THAT HE GOES THRU WITH HIS ORIGINAL IDEA TO THROW ME TO HIS EELS!
12


AH! EXCELLENT! SHE CRASHED INTO THE CEILING AND IS FALLING!
OUCH! PLAYED MY PART A BIT TOO REALISTICALLY! HOPE I CAN FOOL HIM!
I'M COUNTING ON HIS TURNING OFF HIS POWER! HERE IT COMES! I'LL SOON KNOW!
YIPEE! HE TOOK THE BAIT! DON'T FEEL A THING! HIS POWER IS OFF!
HARD TO SUPRESS A SHUDDER, AS BURNING EYES BORE INTO HER FACE, MISS AMERICA IS CARRIED TOWARD THE TANK OF EELS!
ALAS! SHE IS TRULY BEAUTIFUL! (SIGH) BUT SHE IS TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!
NOW OR NEVER! AND MY KNEE BEING THE NEAREST THING TO YOUR CHIN, WE'LL USE THAT!
OW!
13


STUNNED BY THE BLOW, THE SHOCKER MAKES A DESPERATE BUT FEEBLE EFFORT TO RECALL HIS POWER!
OH-OH! HAVE TO FINISH HIM OFF BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER!
OUCH! MY HAND! HIS POWER IS RETURNING!
CALLING ON ALL HER POWER IN ONE SUPREME EFFORT, MISS AMERICA LIFTS THE SHOCKER INTO THE AIR AND OVER THE EDGE OF THE TANK!
UGH!
THIS IS ALL I GOT, SHOCKER! IF IT DOESN'T RING THE BELL, YOU WIN!
OH! I CAN'T LOOK! WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE! ONCE UNCONSCIOUS, HE IS JUST ANOTHER HUMAN BEING AND NO MATCH FOR THOSE AWFUL EELS!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER---
THE GIANT EELS, KILLED WITH GAS IN THE TUNNEL LAIR OF THE LATE SHOCKER, WERE TURNED OVER BY THE POLICE TO THE MUSEUM FOR DISPLAY! WANT TO GO SEE THEM, MADELINE?
NO THANKS! I COULD NEVER STAND IT, UNCLE!
THE END

PAGE

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PAGE

MISSING

TO ALL TEEN-AGE MISS AMERICAS:
WIN $1000 IN CASH PRIZES!

It has often been said that TEEN-AGERS are the FORGOTTEN PEOPLE! That's bad thinking because, truly, TEEN-AGERS are the most important people in the world; the reasons are too numerous and obvious to list here. MISS AMERICA wants to remedy this deplorable situation, but she cannot do it without your help! And because MISS AMERICA needs your cooperation to make TOMORROW'S WORLD a better place to live and develop—physically, morally, spiritually, and mentally, she is offering the following in CASH PRIZES:

$500 for the FIRST PRIZE

$250 for the SECOND PRIZE

$25 for the next 10 PRIZES

What are the requirements to WIN CASH PRIZES? The rules are simple—astonishingly simple. ONLY TEEN-AGERS ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE. JUST DO THIS:

And now—

put on your thinking caps! The subject is vital—concerns your future. Write 250 words on "TOMORROW'S WORLD." Give it all the serious thought and study and consideration you would to attain the highest mark in your class. Tell us how TOMORROW'S WORLD should be planned today; how, in your opinion, you, today's teen-agers, can become TOMORROW'S useful citizens. What *can*, *should*, and *must* be done to give today's teen-agers a place in TOMORROW'S scheme of life?

CONTEST CLOSING DATE IS NOVEMBER 10, 1944

Miss America ★ ★ ★

CLIP THE COUPON BELOW; FILL IN THE QUESTIONS AND MAIL IT, TOGETHER WITH YOUR SHORT PIECE ENTITLED, "TOMORROW'S WORLD", TO MISS AMERICA, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Write the number, in the exact order of your preference, next to the following. This will help us make MISS AMERICA the kind of magazine YOU want it to be.

☐ MOVIES ☐ FASHIONS ☐ FICTION ☐ COMICS ☐ CHARM HINTS ☐ PERSONALITY IMPROVEMENT ☐ CAREER STORIES ☐ VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

NAME.. AGE.......

ADDRESS..

What other suggestions have you for improving MISS AMERICA?

____

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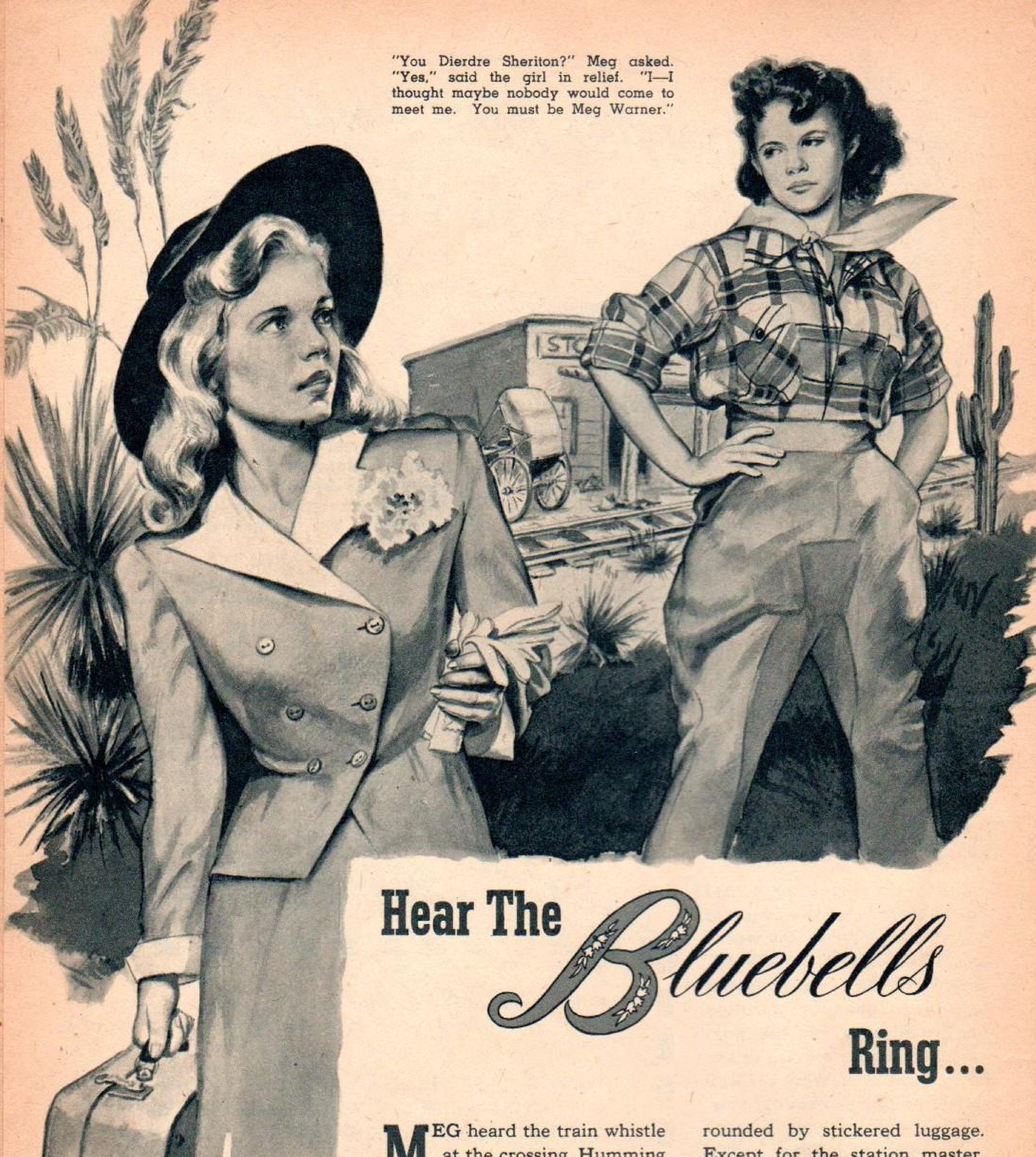
P.S. It would be nice if you could send us a snapshot with your entry.



"You Dierdre Sheriton?" Meg asked. "Yes," said the girl in relief. "I—I thought maybe nobody would come to meet me. You must be Meg Warner."

Hear The Bluebells Ring...

MEG heard the train whistle at the crossing. Humming a tune, she let the horses amble. Let Dierdre Sheriton wait.

Dierdre Sheriton didn't like to wait. Meg could tell by her questioning eyes and lifted chin. She stood, slim and blonde, surrounded by stickered luggage. Except for the station master, she was the only one on the platform.

"Whoa!" said Meg.

Tim and Tiny stood still, flicking their ears at the stranger. Meg swung down from the wagon seat. Thrusting hands

Meg came prepared to dislike Dierdre, the high-toned city slicker. . . . She resented the lovely girl's intrusion on her happy plans—until . . .

By MAXINE SHORE

deep into her breeches' pockets, she strolled over.

"You Dierdre Sheriton?"

"Yes," said the other girl in relief. "I—I thought maybe nobody had come to meet me. You—you must be Mrs. Warner's daughter."

"Meg." Smiling briefly, Meg Warner swept back a dark unruly curl. "Well, come along. Sorry I couldn't bring the Rolls. Had engine trouble at the last minute."

"Too bad," said Dierdre seriously. "But really, I don't mind a bit riding in—in that. It should be—quite an experience."

"Mm," said Meg.

"My—luggage?" Dierdre looked about helplessly.

"Another unfortunate occurrence," said Meg elaborately. "Our red caps just went out on strike. I'll give you a hand, though."

"Thanks," said Dierdre uncertainly.

With the station master's help, they soon got Dierdre's bags stowed in back.

It was a bumpy ride back to the ranch at Sun Dog Creek. Meg knew just where the bumps were. Dierdre didn't say anything, though. Being well-bred, Meg thought, grinning to herself.

Then she didn't feel amused any more. How could you, when your summer was being ruined? Plans knocked apart. What hopes she'd had for her hours—riding, fishing, especially planning and building that dream cabin. Well, they weren't her hours any longer, because of Dierdre Sheriton. Dierdre would want to—well, heaven knew what Dierdre would want to do, after the gay cosmopolitan life she'd led, flitting all over the map with her socialite mother.

Meg glanced surreptitiously at her companion. Dierdre looked very remote. She was sort of hugged to herself, holding on to the wagon. Her frothy hat had jounced to one side. Her long shining hair flowed in the wind. But her delicate profile was composed.

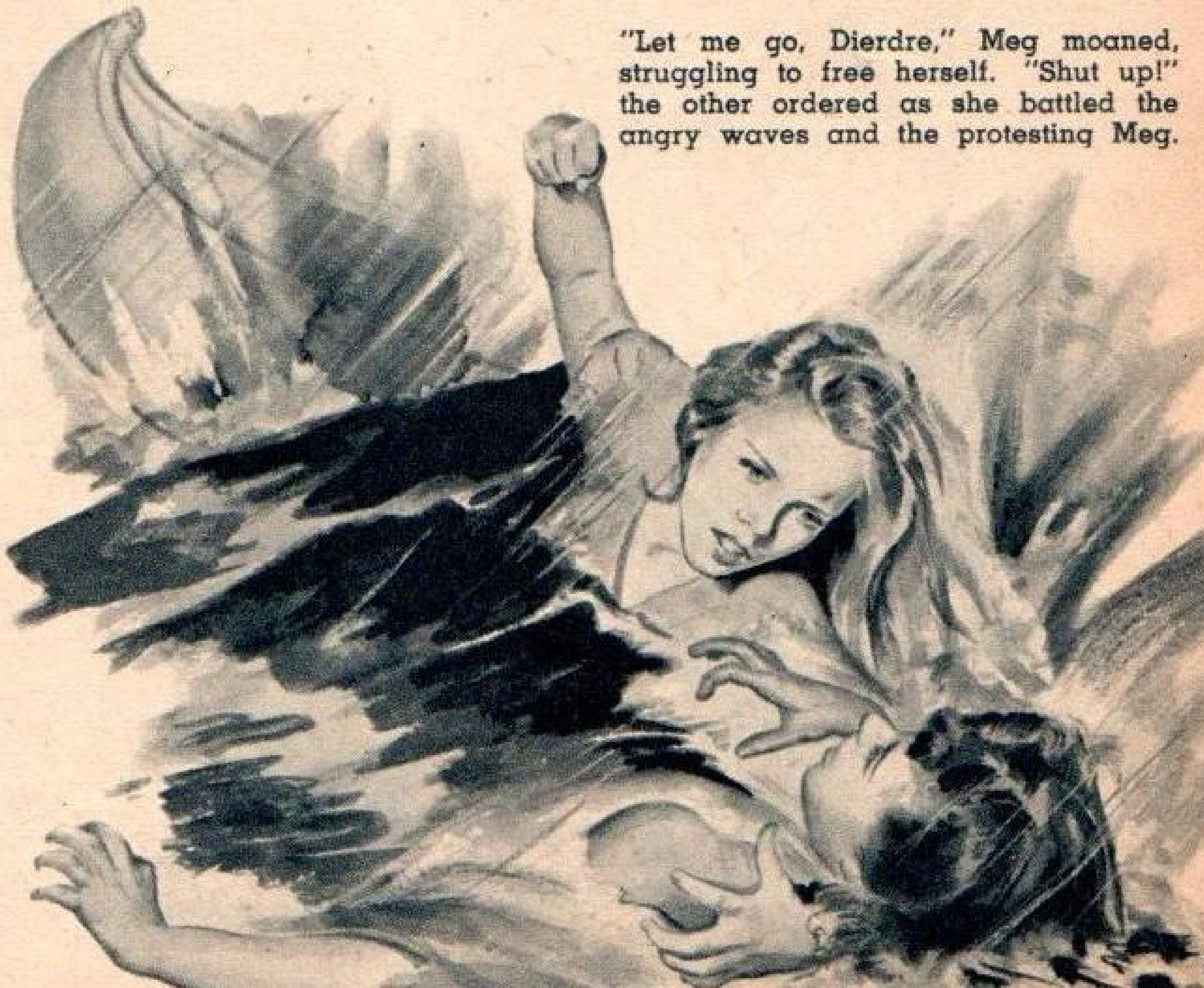
Wickedly, Meg began to think of things which might upset her guest's composure. She previewed them tentatively. Something stirred within her, but she ignored it. After all, why on earth had Dierdre's mother shipped her darling daughter here, of all places? Just because, years ago, Meg's mother and Dierdre's had gone to school together? Was that a good enough reason to foist your spoiled, bored, and boring only child on people you hadn't seen for years?

Guiding the horses expertly, Meg braced herself for the last and biggest bump.

"Here we are," she said.

They had emerged from the narrow road that led through reaching pine and poplar, had crossed the wooden bridge over Sun Dog Creek. Ahead lay the (*Continued on page 62*)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALSTON



"Let me go, Dierdre," Meg moaned, struggling to free herself. "Shut up!" the other ordered as she battled the angry waves and the protesting Meg.

Are you having date problems?

By
JANE WITHERS
as told to May Mann

These are the things girls talk about—dates, and boys and clothes and how to be popular. . . . Jane discusses these vital problems. So let's get together with her

JANE WITHERS is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood, but if you want to be popular, don't be like Janie!

Be yourself!

That's a tip straight from Jane, who's a "dream-girl-preferred" on any boy's list of date dolls. Jane's the center of interest in three distinct Hollywood circles. And the way she manages to keep her many friends and be as popular in one group as another is an accomplishment achieved by few of the glamour girls much older and far more experienced.

"Every girl naturally wants to be liked and to win loads of friends and to have fun," Jane began. The talented actress had just returned from a summer of camp shows and war bond tours to report for her next picture at Republic Studios.

"I am in my teens, so everything I am going to say applies to teen-agers.

"I know just how it is . . . Every night you go to bed and wish it was morning and a new day, there is so much to do that is new and exciting and thrilling.

"Truthfully, I don't think there is any formula for being the most popular girl in any crowd. But a girl who is amiable and intelligent and who has a sense of humor and wears clothes well—well, she is bound to be well-liked.

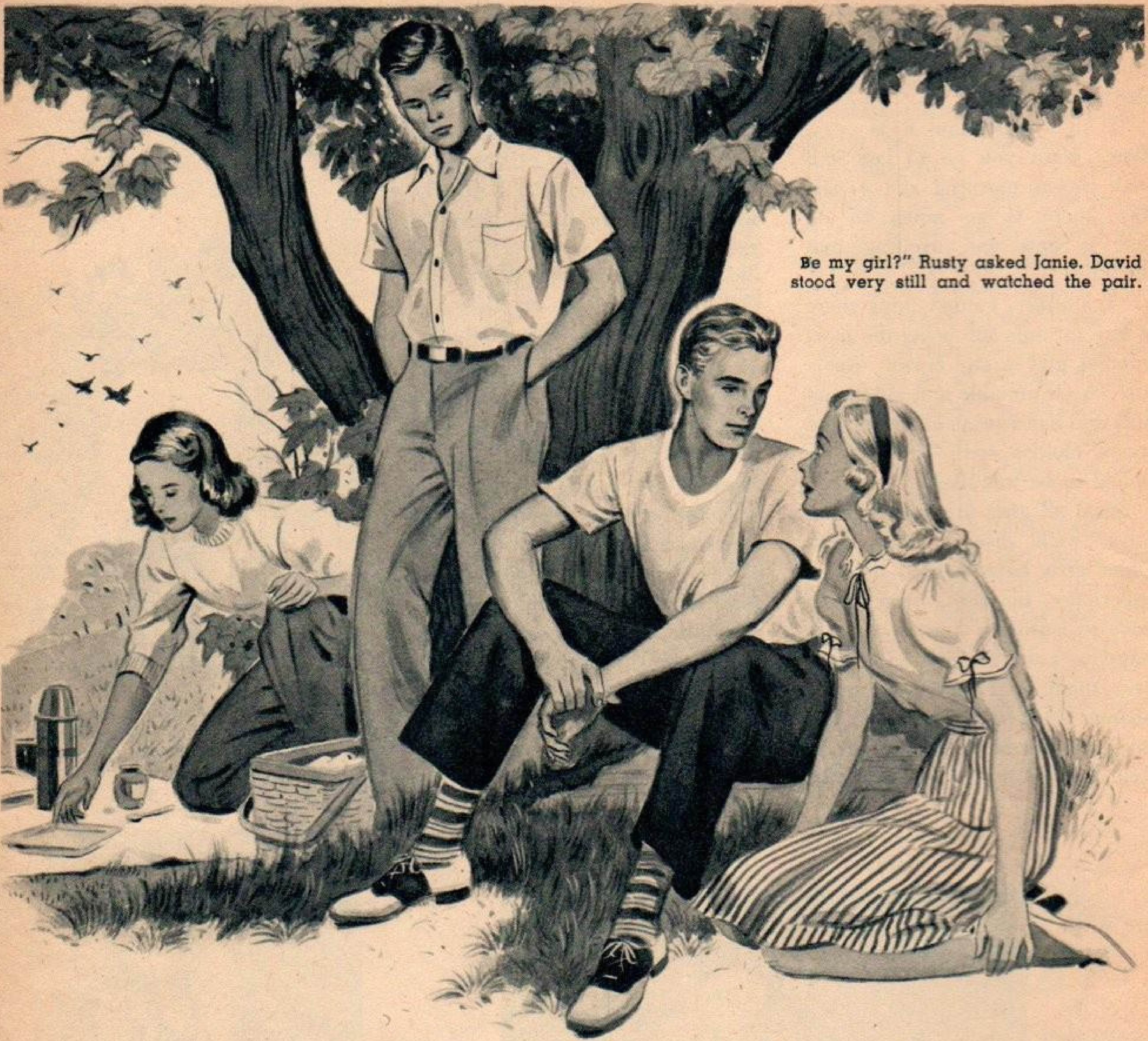
Since all girls are interested in boys, we'll discuss them first. Older girls have learned through experience, but the younger girls have to learn the hard way; that boys do not like girls who gush over them, and girls who make obvious attempts to get dates. The boys simply mark them down as 'juvenile' and look for a new girl. Boys like to take the initiative. It makes them feel important when they finally get a date or an invitation home to a girl's house. They conclude she's really terrific when they have had to make a real effort to know her. She goes down on their list as 'super.'

"The quickest way to lose a boy friend is to cheat and be unfair with him. Some girls will plead a headache to get out of one date when a more attractive one comes along. When a girl does this, she usually loses both boys—for the second one figures she will do the same with him sometime.

"There are girls, who, while entertaining a boy at home, will desert him when a second boy happens to call for a date. I knew a girl who left the first boy talking to her mother, while she sneaked out the door and went off with the other boy. (*Continued on page* 51)

Jane, between pictures, adores going in for outdoor sports—such as fishing and tending the chicks in her own backyard—she's an outdoorable gal.

Oh-ho! It looks as if Jimmy Lydon is having a little difficulty with Jane in Republic's "My Best Gal."



Be my girl?" Rusty asked Janie. David stood very still and watched the pair.

Janie's Awakening...

By FRANK MARTIN WEBBER

"YOU *will* come, too!" Janie planted her fists on the gathers of her candy-striped dirndl, flung back her fair hair, and stamped her saddle shoe so hard her knee jerked. "You're going to double-date with me, Delia, my girl, or I'll hide that old book the first chance I get, so there!"

Delia closed her book on her thumb to hold the place. "I'm not coming on your old picnic."

"You are!" Janie sounded like the explosion of a pop-gun. "I'm letting you have David's visiting man. He's out of this world. He's cute as a bug. He's got curly red hair. That's why they call him Rusty."

"Rusty's got too high an opinion of himself. He struts his stuff. I'm the quiet type myself. We wouldn't ride tandem for two secs 'cause we wouldn't see eye to eye."

"Ride tandem?" Janie asked. "Never heard of it."

Delia raised her eyebrows. "It means two people don't pull together, nit-wit! A tandem is a cycle built for two."

"Delia!" Janie squealed. "You

Janie jilted her best beau for Rusty, a youth who filled her with exciting tales of adventure. . . . Rules, according to her "hero", were made to be broken. But were they?

give me an idea. We won't ride our own bikes!"

"Then whose bikes will you ride? You can't *walk* to a picnic."

"I'll tell David I want us to ride tandems. I'll ask him to rent two for a first-date present for me." She smiled a smug smile. "David will do anything I ask."

"Then ask him to dig up a date for his visiting pal. I'm going to finish my book tonight."

"You can come to the picnic, and still have time to finish your book. You know that old curfew blows at half-past nine."

"Not early enough," Delia grinned. "Why're you panting for me to come along, anyhow?"

Janie sank to the floor, propped her elbows on her knees, sunk her chin in her palms. A dreamy look came into her eyes. "Rusty's the answer to everything I need to cheer me up. Military school's just ruined David. All he seems to believe in is rules and living up to them."

"And what, my pet, do you believe in?" Delia asked.

"I believe in having just loads and loads of fun. Rusty's just oodles of fun. Oh, Delia, you know I've got to be David's date because this is his first night home, but if you'll come along, I'll take Rusty off your hands as soon as we've eaten our lunch."

"And leave me with David, who'll be mooning over you, and grousing to me. No thanks."

"You like David, Delia. You know you do."

"I like David as much as I like any boy, but he likes you better than any girl in the whole world."

Janie laughed. "But I want to get really acquainted with Rusty tonight. Oh, he's so stimulating. He's so—"

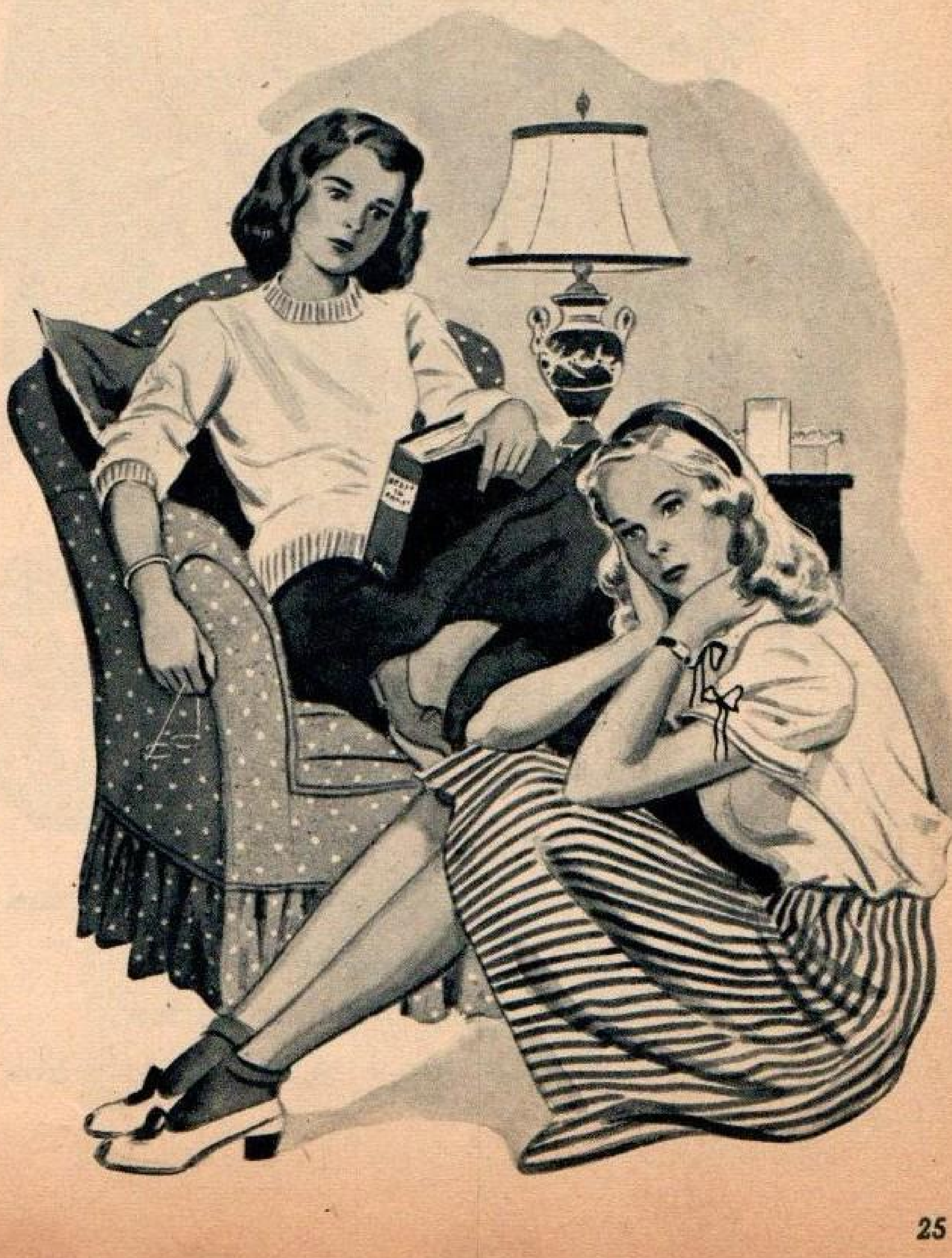
"Spare me the raves, addlepate. I'll come to your old picnic."

Two hours later at sunset two tandem bikes sped along the highway on the edge of the town. Four young people sang at the tops of their lungs. *"I love to whistle, for whistling makes me merry. . . ."*

"This is the spot!" Rusty shouted, and braked his two-seater so suddenly that Delia almost fell off.

David braked carefully, and turned to help Janie off the back seat. But he was too late. Janie was already following Rusty

(*Continued on page* 48)



A dreamy look came into Janie's eyes. "Rusty's the answer to everything I need to cheer me up. When I'm down."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

The music started. I was in Francis' arms, and I suppose you would call what we were doing dancing. It was more like floating on a pure cloud.

A Wallflower Blooms...

The heart-warming story of a girl who tried to pretend that she was gay. . . . Then, standing alone on that enchanted moon-lit terrace, it happened and she no longer had to make believe. . . .

By
DOROTHY DAY

MAYBE you have had those moments of fierce anxiety when it seems nobody is going to ask you for a dance. Perhaps it is your first real party, where an orchestra has been engaged, and maybe even dance cards have been provided. Let's say it is the Spring Prom at your High School.

You have weathered the Winter fairly well, being too busy with your studies to care too much about the absence of dancing partners. At a party at somebody's home you had a bit of trouble when informal dancing occurred, but you could always pretend you were deep in a serious conversation with your hostess' Aunt Martha, or better still, her very nice father. You could even persuade yourself that you were the kind of girl who always finds older men more interesting, when none of the boys grabbed you for a fling.

But at the more formal dance, you're quite stuck unless some of the boys descend on you early in the evening and write their names on your dance card.

Let's say you've come to the dance with Jerome. Jerome is practically yours mostly because nobody else wants him. He may have attached himself to you the last year of grammar school, carried your books home several times, and escorted you on occasions when it seemed imperative to have a partner.

So now, Jerome is there, dutifully writing his name on your dance card for the first and last numbers. But what of those dreadful blank spaces in between?

Many a girl has cried her eyes out in the powder room during these deserts of the dance. Some prefer to face the music alone, pretending to wait for a partner, who, like the little man who wasn't there, doesn't exist.

Let me tell you. I know, because I was such a girl. I fancied myself secretly in love with a boy named Francis, who I thought was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. He had nice straight features, and a mop of curly blonde hair, and was the Frank Sinatra of the school. All the girls invited him to their parties, and Francis sang his way through many merry assemblies, paying mild attention to all the girls, but never tied himself up to anybody in particular. I used to steal sidelong glances at him every morning in Assembly Hall, and once he caught me and winked a merry blue eye. I could see the beat of my heart right through my sweater!

Amelia was my "best" friend, and her steady beau was named Byron. Sometimes we would go skating on the pond, Amelia, Byron, Jerome, of course, and myself. Oh yes, I had my Jerome—and he irked me no end on those lovely cold days. He'd escort me home, carry my skates, then try to hold my hand by putting his hand in my coat pocket, with the excuse that he was cold. For some reason it made me feel a little sick to have Jerome get sentimental. I guess I just didn't like the poor guy. But he was convenient.

At the particular Spring Prom I am writing about, I danced the first number with Jerome, and there I was, sunk for the evening. True, Butch Rodgers as chubby a boy as you'd care to see outside of a Bottecelli painting, had asked me for Number 8, but that was a long way off.

(*Continued on page* 49)

Carlton Porter asked to cut in . . . Francis felt me clutch his shoulder and said, "sorry, old man, some other time."

An *Almost* Girl...

It's quite wonderful when a girl wins beauty contests and loving cups—but it isn't wonderful when she is forever on the verge of reaching—but not quite—that precious star—stardom! But things are different now for adorable Jeanne Crain . . .

By TESS LAWRENCE

IF YOU'RE a beauty contest winner with a silver cup to prove it, and Lady Luck has since chosen to ignore you, don't be discouraged. For Jeanne Crain was no exception.

After winning more contests than you can wave a camera at, it seemed that Jeanne would just go on winning them, and nothing more.

"I thought I was to be the 'almost-girl' forever, as far as Hollywood was concerned," Jeanne says. "I tested for the role of 'Bernadette' when Max Reinhardt planned to produce it, but the production plans fell through. Next, I tested for the role of 'Lucy' in Orson Welles' 'Magnificent Ambersons', and I was told that I was too young. Jennifer Jones and Anne Baxter started their careers in roles that were almost mine.

"My agents said, 'Never mind. Clients who've had the biggest success in Hollywood are those who've had the hardest time getting started.'"

Jeanne was the "Camera Girl of 1942" in the annual Long Beach bathing beauty contest. She was "Miss Long Beach" in the Miss America pageant, and won a loving cup as first runner-up for "Miss America". Finally, Inglewood High, elected her its Grid Queen of the football season. Oh, so many titles, but—

Her exposure to a movie contract was really coincidental.

"I was attending a play at the Max Reinhardt Little Theatre one evening," Jeanne recounts, "I wasn't in the play, just a spectator in the audience. Mr. Kahn, my present agent, introduced himself, and asked me to be at the studio the next morning."

Then it was that Jeanne began testing, and decided that she was doomed as the "almost girl" who never won a break.

As a photographers' model, Jeanne had already made her mark. She'd been cover girl on several national magazines, but the cinema was disturbingly coy, to say the least.

Jeanne was ultimately put under contract at 20th Century-Fox, and just when she least suspected it, success arrived with a capital "S." Stardom came so fast that the studio scarcely got a chance to give her a build-up. Jeanne blossomed and bloomed overnight in "Home in Indiana", and a happily surprised public acclaimed this beautiful new girl with the long auburn hair and green eyes, and the Hedy Lamarr profile as "the darling of the day!"

Darling, she is, for Jeanne hasn't (*Continued on page* 45)

Charming, talented, beautiful—that's Jeanne Crain, 20th Century-Fox's full-fledged star, who is also a teen-ager.

A touching scene from "In the Meantime, Darling," in which Jeanne plays a prized dramatic role on the screen.

Another lovely photo of Jeanne, who made such a hit in "Home In Indiana" and "In the Meantime, Darling."

"We're going to have a beach party tomorrow. Want to come along?" "No, thank you," Cora said, sullenly.

Nobody loves you! So you think! And you're feeling sorry for yourself! But did you ever admit to yourself why you're not popular? You've got to let yourself be loved. We asked John F. Oliven, M.D., one of New York's most brilliant psychiatrists (don't let the word scare you, girls) whose chief interest is to help youth find happiness—and themselves—to tell us how to overcome loneliness—that dread ache that makes too many teen-agers so miserable. His answers are written, not in high-flown doctor talk, but in down-to-earth words calculated to awaken your mind and heart to a better understanding of yourself . . .

Are You Lonesome?

By JOHN F. OLIVEN, M.D.

THE girls said that Cora was high-hat and haughty. She seemed to ignore the others. She did not have a single friend, did not belong to any crowd. She was always by herself, and she didn't *seem* to care.

It all had started when Cora had been new in the neighborhood and one of the girls had come over and said, "We're going to have a beach party tomorrow. Want to come along?"

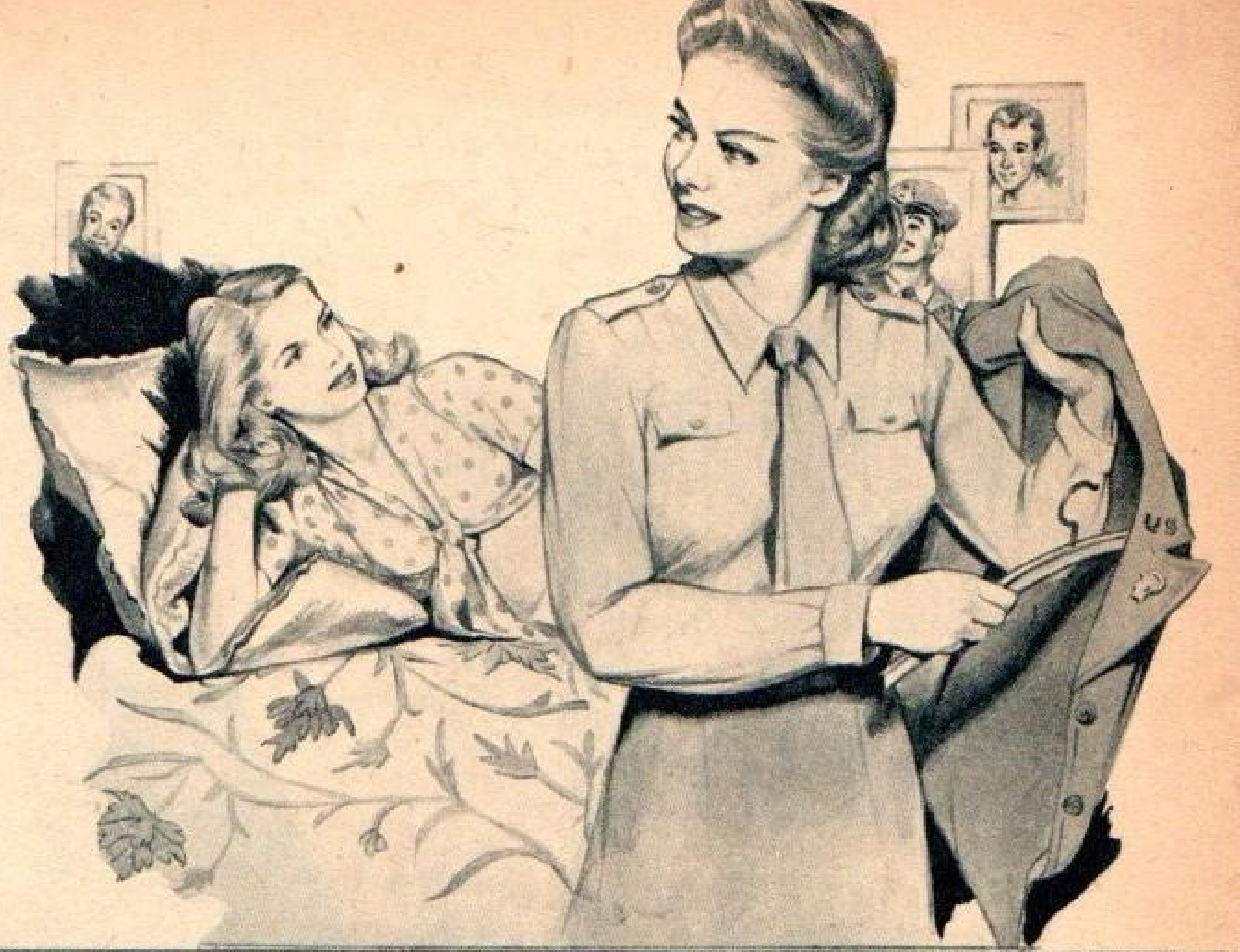
"No, thank you," Cora had replied, and with that she had walked away.

The girls had tried again. People feel sorry for those who are lonesome and they will try to be extra nice to them. They will try once or twice, or maybe even three times. But when they are rebuffed *every time*, they soon give up. "She's just puffed up," the girls had decided, and from then on they left her strictly alone.

But Cora wasn't really puffed up. She was puzzled, herself, as to why she couldn't make any friends. That night when she had refused to go to the beach party, she had cried in her pillow. And many nights thereafter she cried. Cora was lonely.

Cora's loneliness was like a raw, burning sore. The laughter and gaiety of the others were smarting pinpricks; their little confidences, from

(*Continued on page* 61)



"I'm glad to see you established here in my old room, with Clark Gable and Robert Taylor packed away and your latest pin-up boys in their places."

How Pat envied her WAC sister's trim uniform . . . the glamor, romance and excitement of Army life . . . But Pat learns that being a Junior Nurse's Aide is just as glamorous . . .

BIG SISTER

By Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

of the Women's Army Corps

COME in, Pat. Certainly, we're going to have that long talk we promised each other—beginning this very minute. My furlough's nearly over. Tomorrow night I'll be back in the barracks, probably feeling like a heel because I didn't call on Cousin Susie, or go to the Civic Club benefit bridge, or plant a petunia on Greatuncle Ephraim's grave. But no still, small voice is going to accuse me of letting my only sister down!

So I said I'd tell you exactly what it's like to be a Wac—and no eyewash. Well, even Napoleon had his weak moments! But, really, I wasn't kidding and if that's what you want, here goes.

You know I do office work. Maybe you'd consider it hard, and not so very glamorous, but neither is digging a foxhole. We have a sure-fire lift for that tired feeling. We met the boys whose places we have taken, they showed us what to do, we shook their hands when they left. We said, "Goodbye, good luck"—made all the silly, inadequate remarks people do on such occasions. There weren't any bands playing or flags waving, but sometimes, when the typewriters are rattling away like machine guns, I can almost hear echoes of stirring music, and see the colors flash. Balmy—but it helps.

(*Continued on page* 46)

FOR GIRLS

EDITOR'S NOTE:

BEFORE you delve into Nina Wilcox Putnam's delightful chatter, we'd like to tell you a few facts about the author. Miss Putnam, or "Aunt Nina," as she wants you to call her, sold her first story when she was eleven years old. She has written two books for children which sold over 1,000,000 copies each. Aunt Nina loves young people; you'll learn this when you get to know her better. And, equally as important as loving young people, Aunt Nina understands them.

Our brilliant authoress, who knows so much about life, has written twenty-four original stories for the movies; she has had published over 1,000 short stories and double that figure in articles. Adding to this already staggering list of achievements, Aunt Nina authored three successful stage plays. All this, in a word, is terrific. But that isn't all. Our charming editorial consultant has written twenty-seven books!

As a young girl—not much older than you are now—she wrote, directed and produced her own movies in France.

Aunt Nina, despite a heavy work schedule, devotes several nights a week to the magnificent Stage Door Canteen, in New York, serving sandwiches to the boys so far away from home, and doing all the behind the scene chores that provide our soldiers with a haven for relaxation and fun.

We do hope that you take advantage of Aunt Nina's invitation to write to her. "For Girls Only" is exclusively for you, Miss America. Meanwhile, Aunt Nina chats about the little things that mean so much for a full, interesting life. . . .

HELLO, girls! Here is a new friend for you—I hope, I hope! Your "Aunt Nina." That's me.

Do you put your elbow up when you try to talk seriously with your parents? Well, you can take your hair down when you talk to me! Are you afraid of being laughed at by your nearest relatives and friends if you tell them the problems nearest your heart? Then I will laugh *with* you, not *at* you while we try to solve your problems together.

I want to be a sort of grown-up girl friend, to offer you a new kind of companionship, and let you in on what I've found out about life generally through the simple fact of being older than you are and of having gone through a lot of experiences you have not yet had. I want you to profit by *my mistakes* and know what contributed to *my successes,* and I'm going to be perfectly honest with you about them. Be perfectly honest with me, too—won't you?

Girls are terribly important people. They always have been, but right now they are more important than ever before. With so many boys thinking in terms of war, about to go into the services, or actually in training, or in war plants, their future happiness and your own future happiness is largely in the hands of you girls.

It seems to me that the best thing you can do about this situation is to be as happy and normal and sensible as possible: to make both yourselves and your way of living well worth having; to be truthful with *yourselves about yourselves* and

ONLY!

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

learn that you need never be afraid of anything from a bad complexion to a serious heart problem if you face the facts and then act honestly to change what is wrong.

I am here to help you face facts, to have more fun, to iron out your problems, whatever they are. Write to me about everything and anything that is on your mind. I don't claim to know all the answers, but a person can't help learning a few of them if they keep their eyes and heart open as they grow older.

All that I have learned the hard way, by living, is at your service. Please make use of my experience. I'll come clean. No preaching, no patronizing, no cheap answers.

I'm going to think of your hopes, ambitions, and difficulties as if they were my own—*because they once were my own* and I still remember what I needed to know when I was a girl. If you tell me a secret, I'll keep it. If you tell me something which makes good news for girls, I'll pass it along.

I love girls, and I wish you were all, every one of you, my very own. Don't forget to write and believe me when I say I am

Yours affectionately,
"Aunt Nina"

* * *

Celebrity-Fashion-Note: The other evening the elevator door of my hotel opened and a gal rushed past me like a Kate with a date. I gave one look and yelled "*Mopsy*" right in her face. You know *Mopsy*, the charming dum-cracker in the comics? This was her double. In fact, it was *Mopsy*, or, rather, her creator, Gladys Parker, who poses for her own drawings by looking in the mirror. Gladys wore slacks, but the point is, *she could*. She has enough above and not too much below. Slacks are a wonderful garment, but a girl ought to remember that she can't see herself from behind. If slacks make you look like the south end of an elephant going north, forget them and buy a ruffled pinafore.

* * *

Eats Department: The way to a boy's heart can be reached with a can-opener. Here's a party hint that will send him home saying yum-yum, and which won't take you two shakes of a guinea pig's tail to prepare. It is also swell for get-togethers when there is a big gang to feed.

Open a few cans of ordinary baked beans and dump the contents into an iron skillet. Add one heaping tablespoonful of brown sugar and one-half teaspoonful of dry curry powder for each can of beans used. Stir well and heat slowly but thoroughly over low fire. Do not brown and do *not* heat in oven. Serve with sandwiches made of buttered brown bread with crisp lettuce filling, and iced tea. Beans simply out of this world for a few pennies!

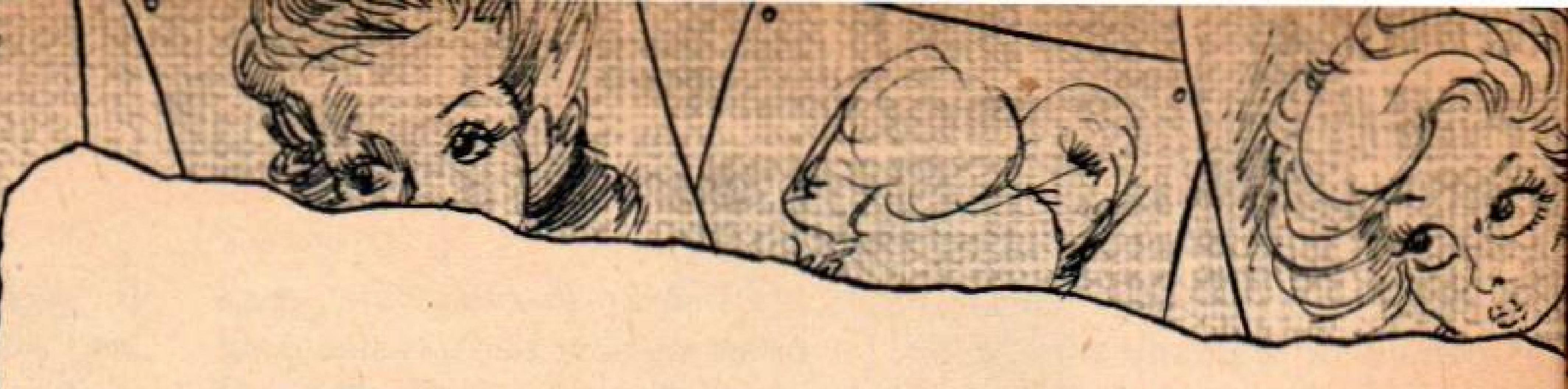
* * *

Beauty Talk: There is no such thing as a homely girl. There are merely girls who do not know how to make the best of themselves.

Some of the most glamorous women in the world began as ugly ducklings and turned themselves into beautiful swans. Doing this is all a matter of studying your own particular type, understanding the needs of your complexion, getting the right hair-do, the kind of make-up which suits you best. Also wearing the right clothes—*and* getting intelligent advice about these things when you need it.

The very fact of being a young girl is enough foundation upon which to build charm. Let me help you to be lovely. Write me your beauty problems and let us see if we can't make you your best possible self!

The great Doctor Lorenz once told me there are certain germs which love to live in the skin (*Continued on page* 66)



Dear Betty Ann:-

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
September 15, 1944

Dear Betty Ann:

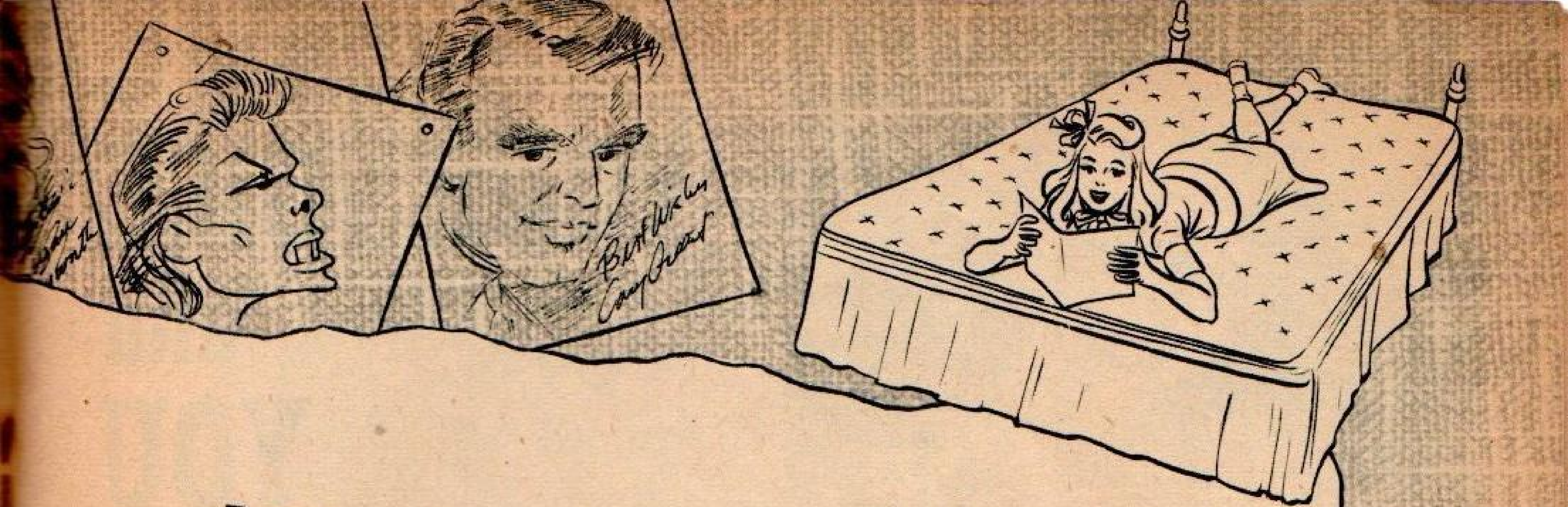
Since you went away—and I don't mean Shirley Temple's new picture—I've acquired a new girl friend. She's just perfectly precious! Of course, Betts, Sally can never take your place in my confidence. I will never be so devoted to any girl, nor to any boy, as I am to you. And no matter what I write about Sally, just understand that she's a duration pal. When your father's out of the service and you come back home, we'll resume!

I must confess, Betts, Sally is just stunningly beautiful. Now, don't be jealous. Facts are facts. And we must face them. She has certain advantages, but definitely. Her blonde hair is like an angel's halo, and being a year older her figure is sixteenish and is all shaped out, willowy and everything. The boys are but simply mad about her!

Sally was "Miss Iowa Corn" back in Iowa. Her twelve-year-old brother Bud, he's an awful pest, calls her just plain "Miss Corn". Isn't that awful disrespectful for a beauty contest winner?

Well, I may as well tell you that Bud has practically ruined my life. At least, he has put my finances in a terrible muddle.

To begin with, Sally and I were set to pick prunes out in the valley for our vacation money. I simply had to help Pops. Poor Pops! He took one look at his income tax and then at Mom's dressmaker bill, and



Every month MISS AMERICA will bring you an exciting letter from Victoria ("Vickie") Allen Dunford, Hollywood Sub-Deb, written to her chum, Betty Ann . . .

he said he didn't see how he could "continue to support the government and his wife on one salary!"

Just when Sally and I were making drastic plans for prune picking, we met two girls at the bus stop. They were just little kids about thirteen, but they had a genuine Frankie Sinatra autograph! Being the skeptical type, I just couldn't believe it! But there it was, right in an autograph book—honest - to - goodness, and bonafide. They had been over to Metro where Frankie is making a movie. They had just stood in front and waited for Frankie to come out.

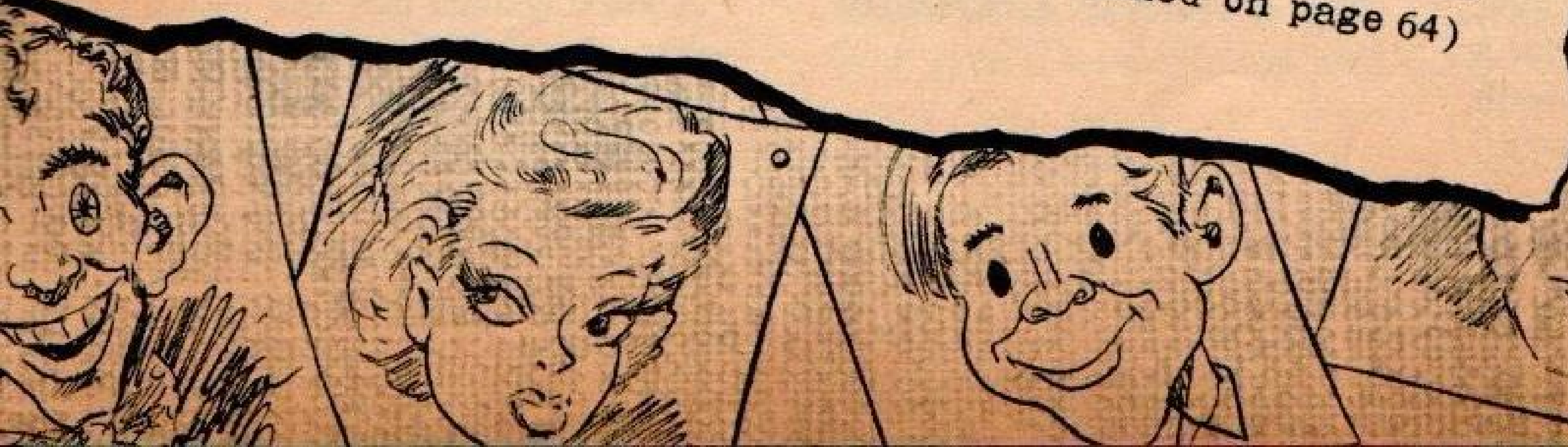
If they could, we could. So Sally and I skipped prune-picking for the day and hitch-hiked out to Metro.

We saw a half dozen other kids standing facing the front gate of the studio. "Frankie comes out for lunch," a girl said. She looked like Bonita Granville, only she wasn't. "That's Frankie's car—that green roadster on the parking lot," she told us.

It was a whiz—a regular dream boat. Just imagine Frankie taking a girl for a ride in that! It would simply be too, too, too! Sally and I sat down on the curb and discussed it for two hours and twenty-five minutes—and then, out came Frankie!

What heaven! Gosh, Betts, I don't know how to tell you! It was the most tremendous, blissful, heavenly, divine, super moment of my whole life! I just stood there looking, and feeling quivery—like the first time Pops took me up in an airplane. So did Sally. The rest of the kids were shrieking and swooning, all over the place. But Sally and I were petrified. We just stood there,

(Continued on page 64)



YOUR VOICE and YOU

Things we never knew till now . . . Your voice—not what you say—is the key to your character. Listen to yourself—then try these interesting sound effects . . .

By SUSAN LARKIN

If your breath pushes the flame to one side, or, worse, if the flame goes out, you have the whispering voice.

Listen to yourself speak as you cup your hands behind your ears. This shows you how your voice sounds to the ears of any other person.

DID you ever really listen to the sound of your voice?

Cup your hands behind your ears. Be sure to close all the fingers. Now, listen to yourself as you speak. When you do this, your voice sounds to you the way it sounds to other people.

Listening to yourself as you speak will tell you two things: what kind of voice you have and what kind of person you are. For, everybody uses a voice that is exactly like himself.

THE WHISPERING VOICE

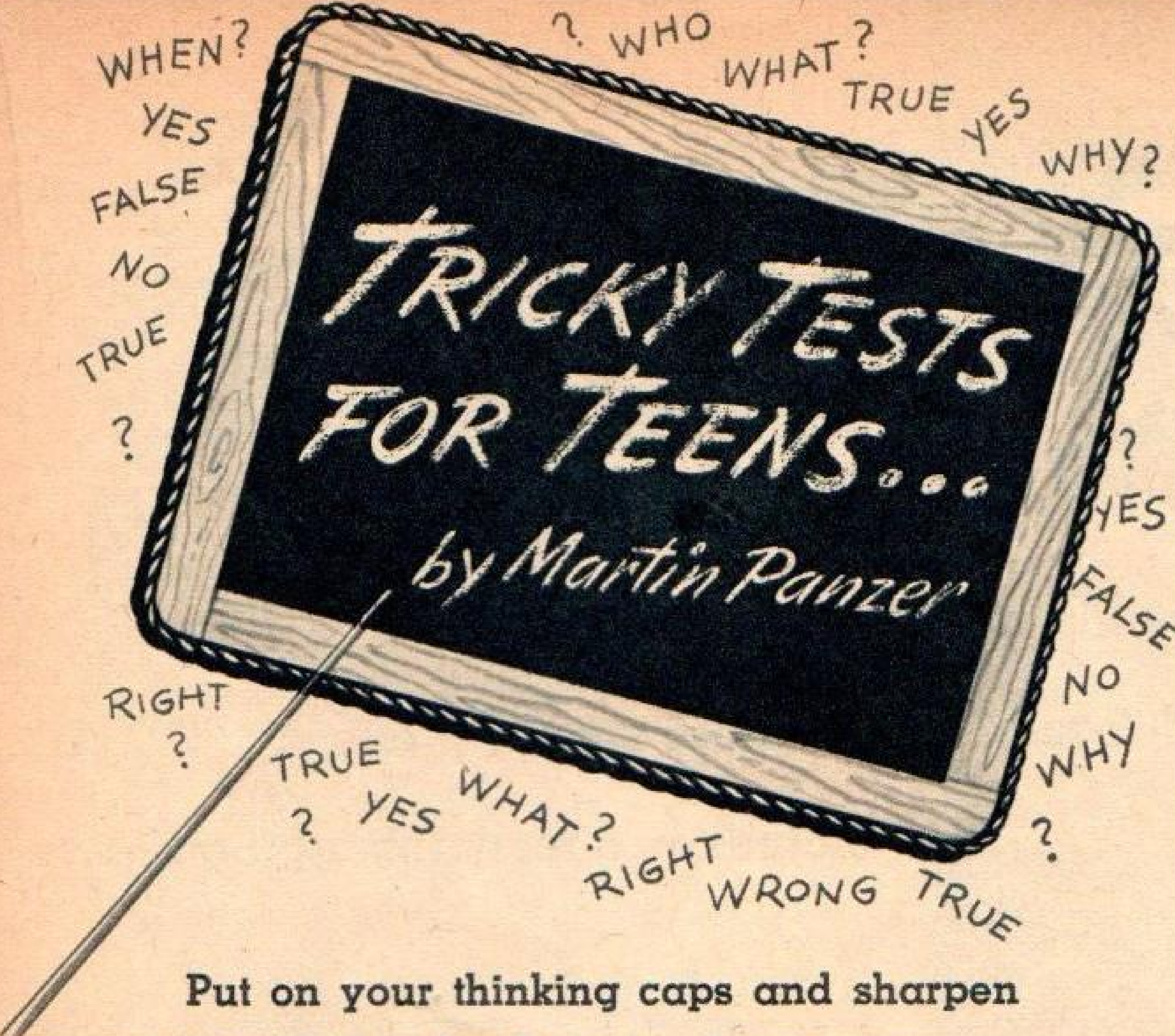
Do you have a voice that sounds like a whisper? Whisper on purpose. Then speak. Is there a difference?

Test your hearing of the sound by speaking a sentence with your mouth placed two inches from a lighted candle. If your breath pushes the flame to one side, or, worse, if the flame goes out, you have the whispering voice.

If you have this kind of voice, what kind of girl are you? You are shy, afraid to speak in a full voice. You need to find out what causes you to shy away from people.

Once, I knew a girl who spoke in a whispering voice because she thought that what she had to say wasn't worth listening to. When I asked her why she thought that, she said it was because her big brother had always been so good in arithmetic that everybody talked about him and no one paid any attention to her. I had to show the girl that what she said was just as important as what her brother said. It was just different—that was all.

I knew another girl who used a whispering voice because a schoolmate always found fault with everything (*Continued on page* 60)



TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS...

by Martin Panzer

Put on your thinking caps and sharpen your wits with this dandy quiz. Learn something new every month with MISS AMERICA . . .

ENGLISH

IF YOU want to be kind to participles, never let them dangle. After all, how would *you* like to dangle?

As you know, a participle is formed by adding "ing" to a verb-root. For instance, the participle of the verb "come" is "coming."

When you say, "While coming home, the rain began to fall," you are permitting the participle "coming" to dangle cruelly. What that sentence really means is that the rain started to fall when the rain itself was coming home. The correct way to express your meaning and to rescue the dangling participle would be to say, "While I was coming home, the rain began to fall."

HISTORY

Ask a boy friend why he buys War Bonds and the chances are he'll tell you he wants to help win the war and keep our country free. Freedom has been the guiding star of Americans since the Declaration of Independence was drawn up by Thomas Jefferson and adopted by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776.

In essence, the Declaration of Independence was an explanation of why the original thirteen colonies wanted their freedom from Great Britain, and a declaration that henceforth they were absolved from allegiance to the British Crown. It was signed by the members of the Congress on and after August 2, 1776. Incidentally, Thomas Jefferson became the third President of the United States.

GEOGRAPHY

Some folks say it's a small world. They wouldn't say that if they had to tie a ribbon around it. The world (which is a fancy name for the planet Earth) is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference at the equator and contains quite a bit of land and water.

Apart from some thousands of islands (most of which are being cleared of Japanese) the land surface of the earth consists of six great continents: North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

The wet part, if you don't count the rivers, seas, lakes, brooks, ponds, springs, wells, etc., consists of five oceans: the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Indian, the Arctic and the Antarctic.

ART

Rembrandt, one of the greatest painters of the ages, would probably have been able to match with his brush the volume of the present day newspaper cameraman. There are now on display, in one place or another, more than six hundred of his paintings and three hundred of his etchings.

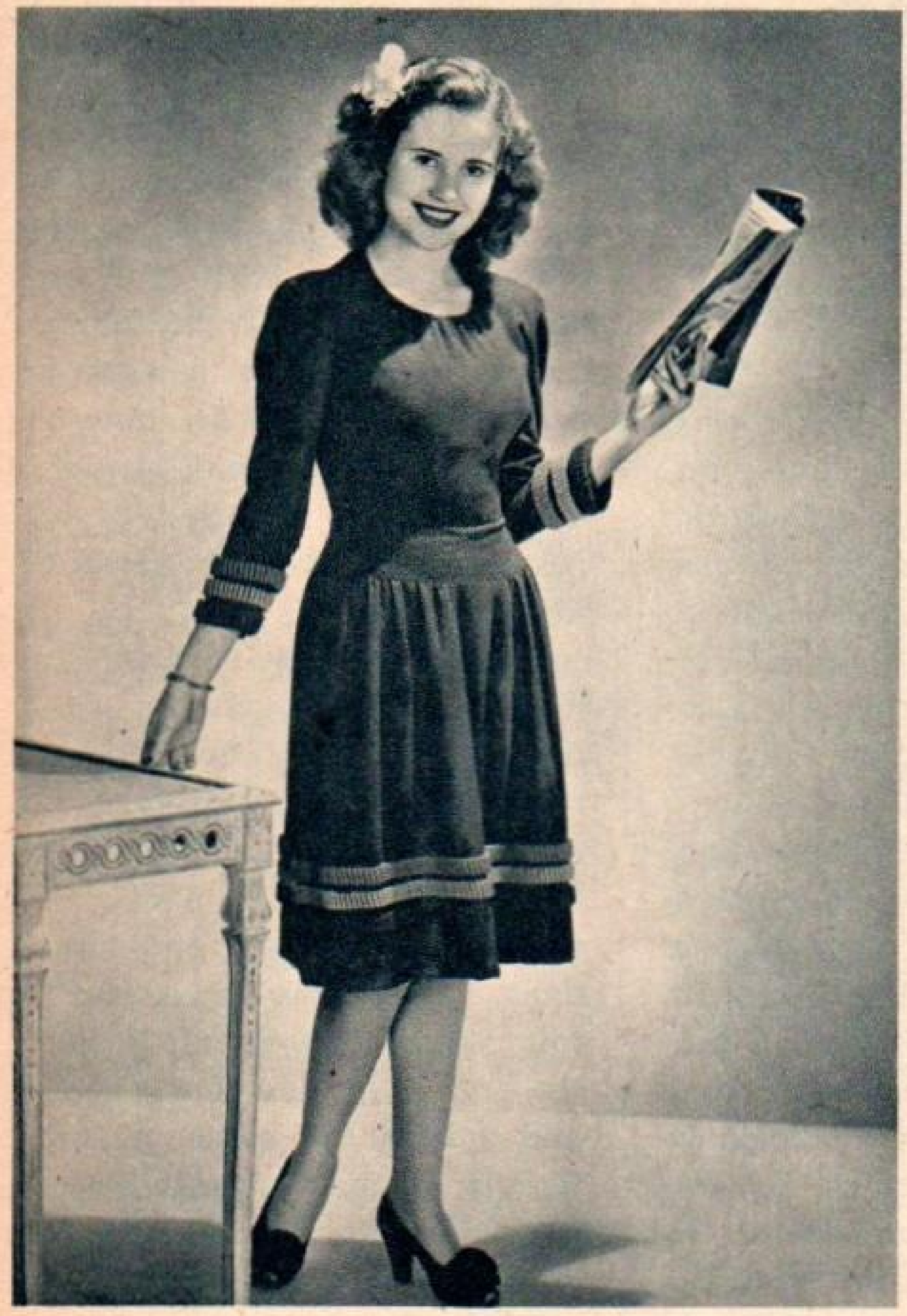
The master was born in Holland in 1606. He was one of the few old masters who achieved fame, glory and happiness in their lifetimes. Although he lived only until 1650, he crowded a brilliant and abundant career into those forty-four years. It was only toward the end of his life that sorrows and misfortune came to him, largely as the result of his extravagant habit of collecting paintings of other artists.

MUSIC

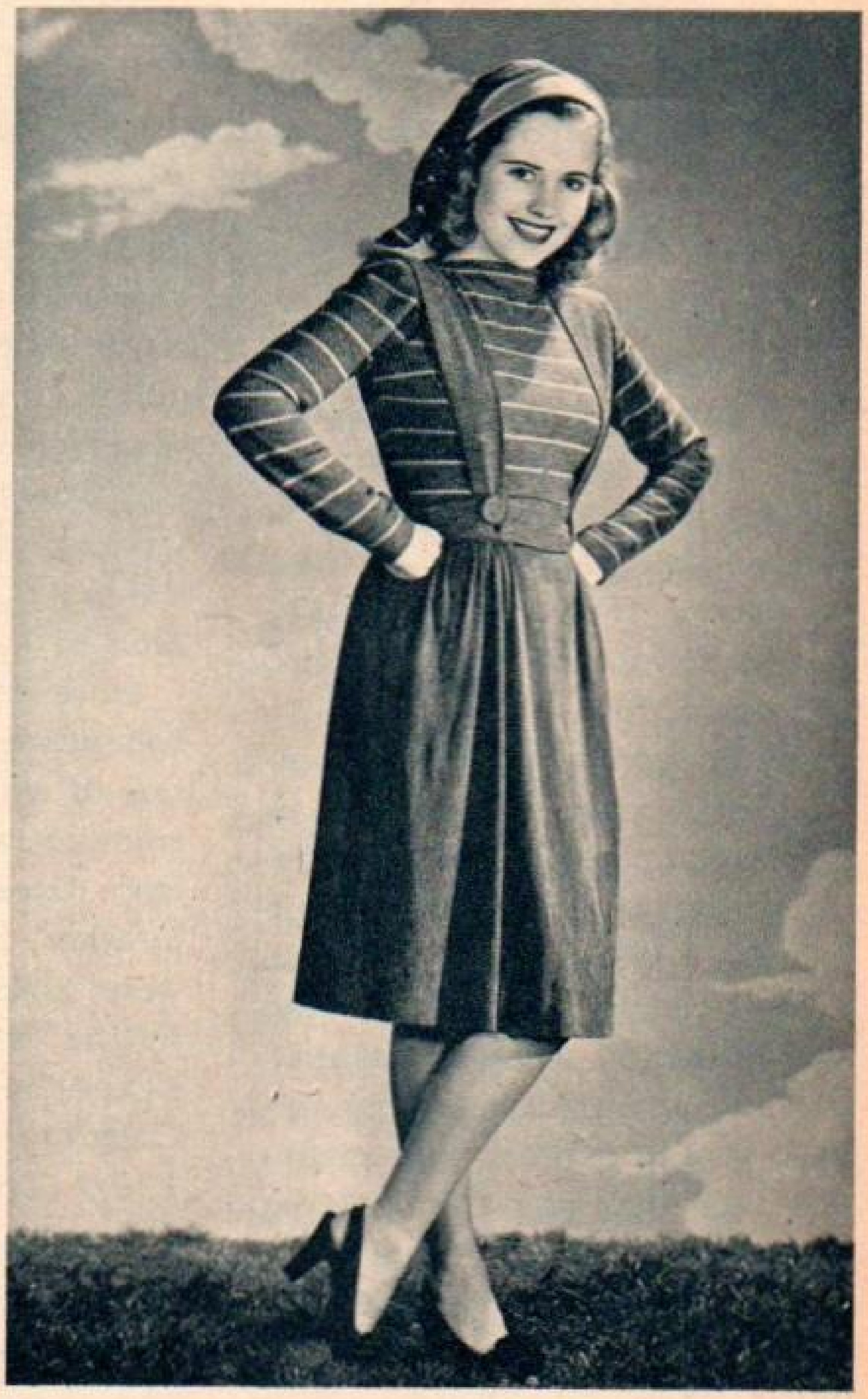
If you are one of those who still consider opera too high-brow for proper enjoyment, it might be a good idea to see Billy Rose's production of Carmen Jones by Oscar Hammerstein (*Continued on page* 45)

TOPS FOR TEENS...

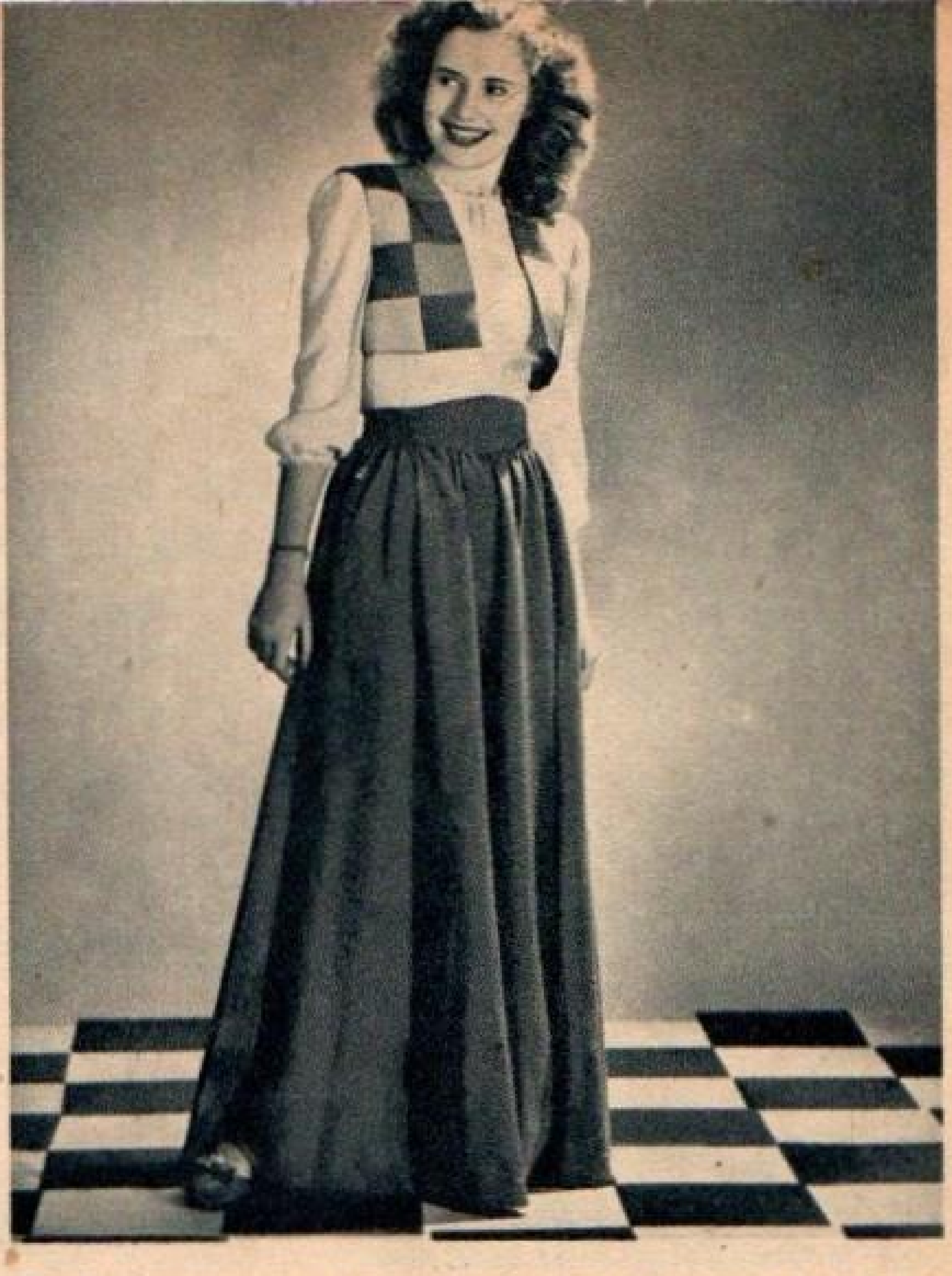
Sweet Joyce Reynolds, delightful star of Warner's "Janie", chose these simply precious clothes on a recent shopping trip...



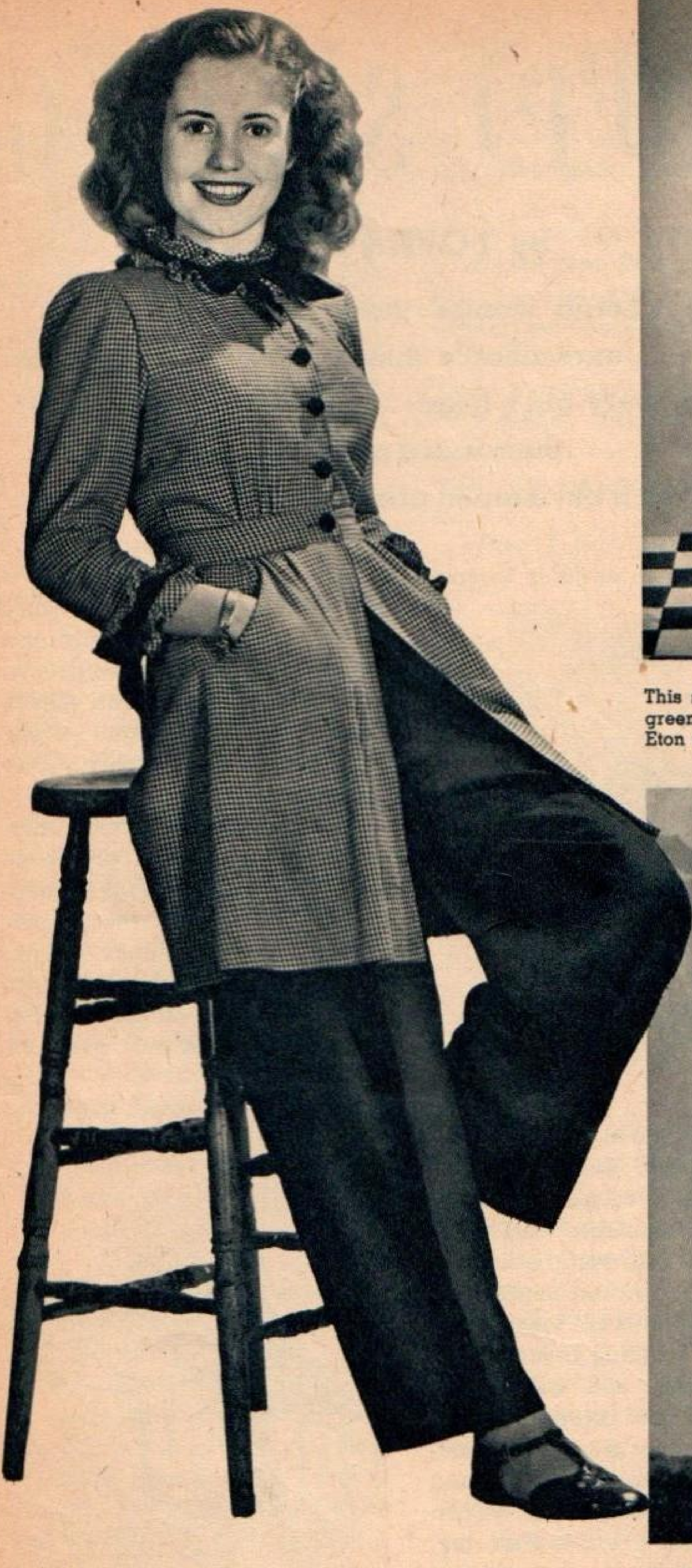
Clever teen-age dress designer Emily Wilkens, created this adorable dress of purple wool with multi-colored trim on sleeves and skirt. Teensters should always dress their age.



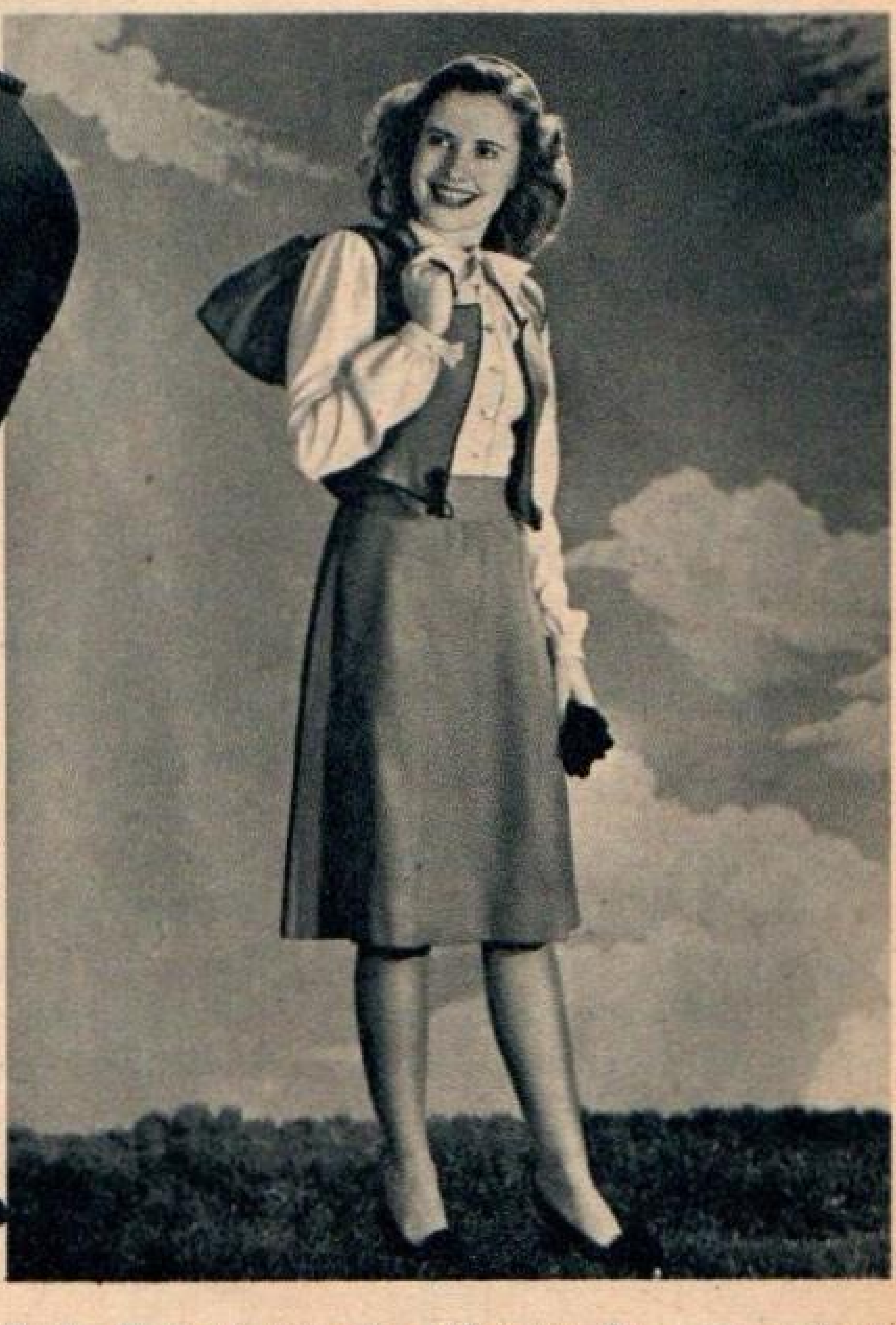
Joyce looks fetching in this two piece Toballo jersey knit. The jumper is plain brown and the blouse brown and blue striped. Emily Wilkens added this saucy "mad cap" stocking for that "pert young thing" look.



This super frock will take your breath away. It's Kelly green faille skirt with a crepe blouse and tri-colored Eton jacket. Specially wonderful for proms and formals.



Brown slacks, worn with a brown and white checked smock of Raylaine material, is an item you'll cherish. Joyce says it's ideal for home-gatherings and so comfy for relaxing on these lazy-hazy week-ends.



Emily Wilkens' teen-age styles are the rage—and no wonder! Pretty Joyce proudly wears this red Botany suit with a jerkin trimmed with black braid. Wear it with a white blouse to school or for afternoon dates.

HAPPY SITTING

By LORNA ELLIS

Sure, Lorna wanted those lovely seemingly unreachable things so dear—and expensive—to every girl's heart. . . . But how to get them was a problem. Lorna not only solved it but learned about babies as well . . .

YOU want that smart drawstring bag and beanie to match the one you saw in the store window downtown? You want that sharp corduroy jumper advertised in last Sunday's paper? You want—and this is *really* important—to buy more *war stamps, give a little more* to the Red Cross, or buy that special present for your big brother overseas?

Well—you can satisfy those wants by becoming a *sitter* like me.

Practically everybody has heard about flag-pole sitters, and sitdown strikes, and about sitting up and taking notice—but I'm a different kind of sitter. My kind of sitting pays, and it's fun, too.

You guessed it. I'm a *baby sitter.* How it happened was this way. The cost of living went up, but my allowance stayed just where it was. I had to give it first aid—but fast!

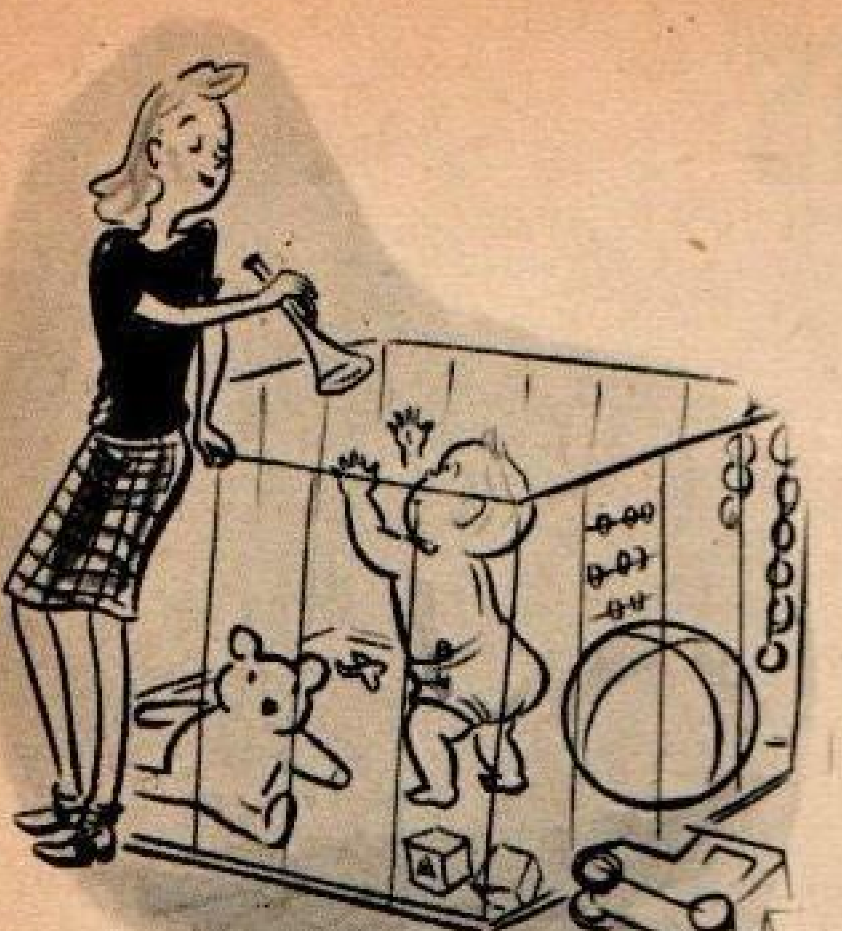
Luckily, I'd taken a Red Cross Home Nursing course, which includes instruction on how to take care of children. From then on, the problem was to find babies to sit with. Well—that wasn't any problem at all! All you have to do in your neighborhood, I soon discovered, was just let it be noised about that you were "available" and mothers do the rest. Help is hard to get, you know, and dependable high school girls are much in demand for minding children. The really quick and businesslike way to do it, of course, is put an ad in the paper giving your qualifications, your free time, and how much you expect. Then wait for your phone to start ringing. It will!

Care &
Feeding
Talc

Of course, a baby sitter does more than just plain sit. There's responsibility, too, or what kind of a job would it be? That's what makes it interesting and worth doing. Babies are people, and they're all different. What's more, they're different every day, almost. There isn't a dull moment!

Sometimes, after school, when I come to sit for a couple of hours, the baby is in for his nap. When he awakens—sometimes cooing, and sometimes yelling, you never know which!—then I get him up, take off the dampish diaper, pin on a new one, and the fun begins.

If he's little enough to be in a



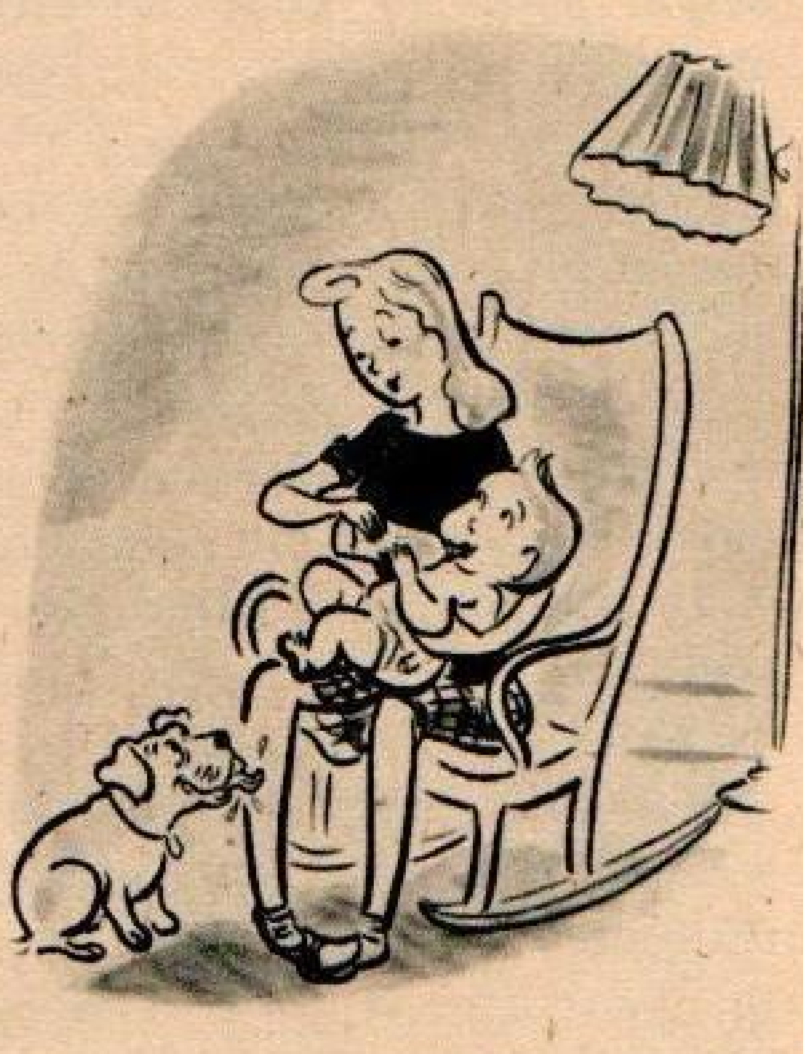
play pen, that's fine. I put him in it, give him a few toys and hopefully leave him to his own devices and vices. (He's got both.) Then I go back to my history homework—keeping one eye on him, of course, and one eye on the battle of Bunker Hill. It sounds sort of complicated, but it can be done, after a little practice.

Maybe, when he gets up, your charge will want a drink of water and a cookie. His mother will instruct you about that. As time passes he may get bored with his toys and throw them all out of the pen, stretch out his arms to you, and make hopeful noises. Well, you can pick him up if you *want* to, and he's cute, so maybe you will, or you can do it the easy way and play peekaboo or patty-cake through the bars of his pen.

If he yells? Don't get scared. It really is true that babies lungs need developing, but if he seems to be overdoing it, it's a good idea to examine him for open safety pins. Try giving him a new toy or playing a new kind of game with him—start the old brain whirring, it'll be all the stronger for it! Try another drink of water, maybe just one more cookie or piece of zwiebach, but don't go overboard on the snacks. His mother won't appreciate your spoiling his dinner.

If your charge has graduated from play pens, then prepare for action as soon as he wakes, if he's been asleep—we hope! Playing with children is really fun. They're not hard to please and they usually think you're wonderful—and, believe me, pretty soon you get to thinking *they* are, too.

When I first started taking care of children, I discovered a large part of our population I had just sort of been overlooking. I mean, I vaguely noticed babies and thought they were cute, if somewhat bothersome and shrieky, but I just didn't think of them as individuals, like the rest of us. They are—and some of the nicest people I know. You can learn a lot from babies.



At night—well, sitting up with babies is one of the best ways to get that studying done that I know—and very profitable, too. Sometimes, of course, your charges may wake up and make the welkin ring, but that doesn't usually last too long, after a drink of water, maybe, and a kind word. If you have to tell them a story or sing them a song, it won't hurt you. Chances are, they'll sleep right through, so you can get your homework done and still have time to listen to your favorite radio programs or leaf through magazines before their parents get home. If it's late, of course, your employers will always walk you home. Your folks should insist on it.

I love my job, honestly. Or should I say jobs? I get around quite a bit. It doesn't take all my spare time, my grades are better since I started sitting nights, and first aid for my poor little allowance saved its life—and mine. Besides, even if I am too young to be a servicewoman, I know I'm helping on the home front, I've made a lot of new friends among both mothers and babies, and I feel useful.

Still want that smart drawstring bag and beanie, that corduroy jumper, those war stamps, that special present? Well, now you know how to get them.

Happy sitting!

CARTOONS BY MARY GIBSON

WAR BOND
BOND

CHARM ROU-TEENS . . .

By MARY M. AHERN

The teens are truly "The Impatient Years"; they are also years in which you can build for a lovelier tomorrow . . .

Use a fine complexion milk before applying a light dab of powder. Especially grand in nippy, chapped-face weather.

YOUR teens are precious years — years that are carefree and happy and fun. But they are years, too, that are full of problems. These problems are important to you; yet, sometimes older people brush them aside, or — even worse—ignore them, not realizing how much they mean to you.

Take this problem of your personal appearance. You've probably discovered that the teens aren't the Golden Age as far as that's concerned. They are the years when you seem to be sprouting out, in all directions, almost overnight. You don't know quite what to do with your arms and legs. Your complexion is splotchy and bumpy—like the yellow crepe paper they use for decorations at your school dances. Your feet get bigger every time you buy shoes, so that you'd just as soon not talk about the size you wear. Your clothes don't fit right—you're either too fat or too thin. You look longingly at the perfectly-proportioned, beautifully-groomed, stunningly-dressed movie stars in your favorite magazine—and wish. . . . Just wishing on a star. You probably stand for hours before the mirror, gloomy at what you see, and try to make yourself into a reasonable facsimile of "someone else," by rearranging your hair or smearing on coats of stuff with promising names. But that's time and labor lost—and no real beauty won.

For your peace of mind, as well as for charm and attractiveness, just remember two things—1: Don't try to look or act older than you really are. Be an attractive, healthy, glowing "young thing" and let the heavy glamour wait. 2: Be yourself—always—in your appearance and your conversation. Admire the most popular girl in the class, but *don't* copy her. Remember that you're *you* and a very interesting you; that you're an individual, like no one else in the world, and that you're going to make the most of it.

For that very reason, your teens are precious years in getting you started on the road to charm and attractiveness. During them you can form important, fundamental beauty habits of cleanliness and good grooming, habits that will stand you in good stead later on and that will bring *immediate* results in dates and good times.

To form these good habits, you don't need an array of expensive beauty preparations and do-jiggers. Start with the determination to be attractive, add plenty of perseverence, buy a few necessary cosmetics, and in a matter of weeks you'll need a "dog-tag" to identify you to your friends. See if you don't.

When you apply lipstick, please gild the lily lightly. Do not go in for "loud" shades, but colors with a soft warmth.

First, you've got to become a scrub woman! You'll want a fine mild soap, a sturdy complexion brush, a long-handled one for your back, and plenty of clear, warm water. If you can't afford the brushes, a good thick washcloth will do. And now, the tub—or the shower, whichever you (*Continued on page* 65)

Beauty isn't everything

By VERA LAWSON

"Make faces" at yourself in the mirror. A sincere smile is one of the most disarming weapons a girl has.

Beauty can be deadly dull unless it's accompanied by an alert look. . . . All right, go ahead and giggle, but while you're tee-heeing study yourself in the mirror. You'll be glad you read this terrific advice—and, if you're smart, take advantage of it . . .

Beware of exaggerating expressions of surprise and horror. It's a serious threat to charm and feminine beauty.

HELEN was a senior in High School. She was easily the most beautiful girl in her class, and she knew it. She basked happily in her glory until someone very important to her was rude enough to remark that she really looked quite dull. This was a painful shock, and ever since she had been looking desperately for a way to make her face look more interesting.

One day, after a movie, the present Number One beau was waxing enthusiastic over the female star in the picture—one of those sinister, sleek-haired sirens who, with nothing but looks lures the hero into all sorts of dangerous situations.

"Gosh," Number One gasped, "gosh, what an interesting dame." And right then and there Helen decided that she had finally found a way to give her face some personality. If looking wicked and sinister was what the boys wanted, by golly, she was going to give it to them—although only in her looks, of course.

So she set out to cultivate a cynical line around her mouth. She rubbed and kneaded her pretty features to get that intriguing look of "woman with a stormy past." Not sparing eye shadow nor paintbrush, she produced dark circles under her eyes and a wicked curve on her lips. Eagerly she looked forward to the next meeting with Number (*Continued on page* 60)

"You look like Little Lulu trying to scare her granny," Helen's best date reproved her, wiping her face clean.

The PLAYHOUSE

IT'S FUN TO ACT

Maybe you're not a Bette Davis or Betty Grable, but here are some wonderful suggestions to bring out the actress in you . . .

By KAREN VAN LISEEL

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMER TOMASCH

ALMOST every girl wants to be an actress. Well, there's nothing wrong with that—because almost every girl is an actress.

Of course, I don't mean that every girl should try to earn a living being an actress. If she did, all actresses would starve to death. For who would cook the bacon and eggs to keep the actresses alive? But you don't have to earn a living as an actress in order to act. And you certainly don't have to come to New York to do it. If you really want to act, you can organize a group right where you are—in your club or school or church.

Maybe, you think that isn't important—to put on a play right where you are. Don't you believe it! It is just as important for you to put on little plays as it is for the movie stars to put on big plays.

WHAT THE PLAY WILL DO FOR YOU

The first reason that you should put on a play is because of what acting will do for you.

MAKING FRIENDS

Acting will give you something pleasant to do with other people. When you do anything with other people, you talk things over, and when you talk things over with someone, you soon find the person becoming your friend.

Once, I directed a play called "What a Life." It was about a high school boy who was always getting into trouble with his teachers because he couldn't get as high grades as his father had gotten

(*Continued on page* 45)

TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From page 37

II. If this doesn't make you want to see and hear Carmen and all the other operas, you're hopeless.

Carmen, from which the music and the basic theme of Carmen Jones are taken, was written by Georges Bizet, who was born in Paris in 1838. His earlier operas, The Pearl Fishers, The Fair Maid of Perth and Djamileh, brought him no success, but Carmen, which was first heard in 1875, after a cool reception, was finally accepted as a masterpiece. The music, far from being "highbrow" is as tuneful and as fresh as the most beautiful present-day song hits.

EXAM

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons, and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10%. Passing mark, 60%. Good, 80%. Higher, excellent.

1. When was the Declaration of Independence signed?
2. Name the six continents.
3. Who composed Carmen?
4. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?
5. What is a participle?
6. Who wrote Carmen Jones?
7. Name the five oceans.
8. When was Rembrandt born, and where?
9. Write a sentence with a dangling participle and then correct it.
10. What is the circumference of the earth at the equator?

IT'S FUN TO ACT

From page 44

when he went to school. There was a girl in the play who always felt sorry for him.

As we practiced this play, the boy and girl would often talk over the way they should act their parts. They became so interested in it that soon they began walking home together, talking all the way. Then they would stop in at the corner drug store to sip icecream sodas while they talked some more. Well, you know what happened after that. The boy asked the girl to go to a movie—and they have been friends ever since.

Besides helping you to make new friends, acting can make life exciting in another way. Through acting, you can live the lives of many people instead of only your *own* life. For the characters in the play will seem like real people to you. Their experiences will be your experiences, and some of them may be experiences that you have always wanted to have.

Here is an example: Once, I knew some girls who lived in a coal mining town. Even though the girls and their parents tried to keep the town clean, there was always the dirt from the mines. Coal dust settled on everything from "The General Store" to father's white shirts on the clothesline.

So when these girls put on a play at the schoolhouse, what kind of play do you think they chose? A play about a mining town? No, indeed! They chose a play about girls who were at a party where they could wear beautiful evening dresses. They wanted to have things happen to them that were different from the things that happened in their everyday lives.

There is another thing that acting can do for you. It can teach you to take your mind off yourself and teach you how to work with others for the benefit of everybody.

One time, when I was directing a play, I saw a girl, whose name was Mary, putting on her make-up. She put bright red lipstick on her lips and rosy rouge on her cheeks. Of course, this made her look about fifteen years old—her real age. But, in the play, she was supposed to take the part of an old woman.

When I asked Mary why she didn't put the wrinkle lines in her forehead and chin as I had told her to do, she said that she wanted to look pretty.

"Which is more important," I asked her, "for you to look pretty or to look like the old woman in the play?"

Mary got the idea. She learned the secret of teamwork—giving up something so that everybody can be proud of the play as a whole.

Putting on a play will mean: friends, new experiences, teamwork, fun for you and the audience. So—what are you waiting for? If you want to be an actress, start acting!

AN ALMOST GIRL

From page 29

let stardom disturb her good sense. "Mother sees to that," she smiled. "Now that I have a movie salary, it is a temptation to buy lots of things instead of just a few.

"For instance, now, when I go into a book shop, I am prompted to buy several books instead of just one. Mother observed, should I buy several, I would lose the thrill of hunting for one book which I will read and treasure. If you buy everything at once there won't be anything left to want and to dream about having. If you limit your capacity there will be more left to enjoy later. People get tired of everything quickly when they have too much. It was a happy triumph, though, when for the first time, I bought two bottles of 'Blue Hour,' my favorite perfume, instead of only one.

"Of course, I don't have very much money to spend," Jeanne qualified, "25% goes into war bonds, 25% into taxes, 25% into my trust fund, 10% to my agent, and what's left is mine."

Jeanne had invited me to lunch with her at 20th Century-Fox Studios. She had just returned from a war bond drive in Indiana, where she'd auctioned a four months' old filly named Jeanne Crain, and sold four-and-one-half million dollars in war bonds.

"With only one picture released, I could scarcely believe it when people would turn and say, 'Oh, there's Jeanne Crain.' I had a feeling, 'Goodness, is that really me they are talking about?'"

Jeanne, who became a star in one movie, and who has six starring pictures scheduled ahead, attended St. Mary's, a girl's school. Her first date was a blind date at the school's junior prom.

"When a boy first asked me to dance I was terrified. I was inclined to say no, but somehow we managed that first dance, and then I discovered I loved to dance.

"I was going to U.C.L.A. taking psychology, Spanish and French when I was sent on location for 'Indiana.' I was away from school so long that I had to withdraw or flunk for the term. Now there are so many pictures lined up, I guess I will never get back to public school."

Jeanne's first crush was a boy on the school football team who looked "just like Tyrone Power! But now I am mad about Gregory Peck. He is wonderful."

As for the romance rumors that Jeanne and Lon McCallister are "that way," Jeanne shook her head. "We are great friends, but I go out with other boys, too.

"Although Lon and I are both in 'Winged Victory,' we have no scenes together. He's killed before I get into the picture."

Jeanne's favorite escort seems to be Paul Brooks, who looks like a younger edition of Errol Flynn. He is a contract player at Warner Brothers.

Having completed "In the Meantime, Darling," in which Jeanne will get star billing, she had planned attending the Eastern premiere of "Woodrow Wilson."

"I became acquainted with Gene Tierney, and we were to go shopping in New York together," Jeanne said, a bit wistfully, "but now, I have to stay here to work on my next picture."

Such is the price of fame, fortune, and success in one stride. And Jeanne doesn't mind too much if she doesn't get a chance to stride into Mainbocher's or Bergdorf Goodman's — not too much. After all, stardom for a girl who thought she was an "almost girl," is wonderful compensation!

BIG SISTER

From page 31

Oh, yes, Pat, I have to *live*, too. Would you call it really living, I wonder? It's literally out of this world. I'm glad to see you established here in my old room, with Clark Gable and Robert Taylor packed away and your pin-up boys in their places. You're more comfortable; the bed is softer and wider, there's a view, and space for a chaise-longue besides your slipper chair. *My* room, now, is long and broad, with windows on both sides, which let in plenty of light and air. There are no carpets to collect lint, no pictures to be kept dusted, no chairs to arrange symmetrically. I find it more convenient this way—so do my 39 roommates.

I have an "area"—one blanket-covered cot (bunk), one wooden chest at its end (footlocker), one-half a shallow, open cupboard with shelf and rod (wall locker). Two feet away on my left is a girl from Georgia, who tells me, "Ah've jus' been mahkin' time till Ah was old enough to join up—mah honey's been out heah in the Pacific mo' than a yeah, now." Two feet to the right a silver-streaked head turns restlessly on the pillow. She has a son in the Navy, two in the Marines, and a second grandchild expected any day.

Such is my castle, and my responsibility. I have to keep it clean—and that's only the beginning. The Army decrees that our clothes shall be hung in a certain order, beds made in a specified way, everything arranged according to rule; and it must be done like that—or else!

Which brings us to the horrors of inspection. Remember the uncomfortable feeling we used to have when Mother dropped in to our rooms to "have a look around," and we observed her eyes taking in sundry items of dust and disorder? Well, take that sensation, and start multiplying!

Each morning while we are at work everything is examined by our Company Commander; there's Formal Inspection on Saturdays, when visiting officers (frequently male) also make the rounds. Report of the findings is posted on the Bulletin Board. We call it the "Gig Sheet"; a bad report is a "gig." A simple little item like:

Jones: Dust on footlocker
Simpson: Messy bed,

can ruin one's entire day!

Reactions vary. Some ignore the whole thing. Some bear down on the "I don't care" angle. "After all, what's a gig? Ha, ha, ha." (Phony note in laughter.) Others buttonhole all passers-by and explain that it actually wasn't their fault, so and so left the ash tray dirty or blew dust their way. Most of us suffer.

Also there are "details"—groups of girls who work together to do the major cleaning, such as the latrine. This isn't quite the Chic Sale affair the term might suggest. It resembles the so-called "Powder Room" in a department store, with bathing facilities added. You meet everyone in the latrine. The sound of running water in the showers and of conversation in tones ranging from high to very high is always present.

Here it's easy to understand the origin of the Army's "L. R." (latrine rumor), because there's always someone present who knows the inside dope ("Can't tell you *who* said so, it's a military secret, but blah, blah"). Even if you're confident there isn't a word of truth in it, who would dare miss a syllable? While the girls are still messing around with pancake makeup and mascara, the unfortunates who have the latrine detail are frantically applying G.I. soap to the basins, and trying to get the floor spotless before rushing off ten minutes late for work.

(*Continued on page 48*)

Gloria de Haven

Diana Lynn

Shirley Temple

HOLLYWOOD'S *Younger set*

By TRUDY SMITH

SUN-SUITS, slacks and play-clothes are hoity-toity this year when we teen-agers get together for fun. Witness the occasion of Diana Lynn's and Gloria Saunders' celebration for those high school diplomas from University High. In lieu of a trip to the beach—a back yard party was held with all the trimmings. Badminton and hobby horse—and table tennis were lots of fun. And so was the barbecue of weenies and hamburgers, and the luscious dessert — watermelon shells filled with ice-cubed watermelon, cantaloupe, cherries, peaches and plums. Remember the Mauch Twins—of "The Prince and the Pauper"—in their Warner Brothers' starring days? They were at the party as Pfc. Bill and Pfc. Bob Mauch.

Overheard at the Brown Derby by Gale Storm: "The kids these days are too much alike in a lot of disrespects." HUH?

* * *

Shirley Temple was distressed the other day because she missed a class in biology—her pet subject! She wanted especially to go, because they were going to dissect a human eye!

"It isn't every day a feller gets to do that," said Shirley, a reply to which there is no argument.

* * *

Overheard at the Hollywood Palladium by Gloria de Haven: "There's no conceit in his family. He has it all!"

* * *

Have you heard the cutie about the lady who opened her refrigerator—and there was a live rabbit! "What are you doing in my refrigerator?" the lady asked. "Isn't this a Westinghouse?" asked the bunny. The lady said it was. "I'm westin'," said the rabbit.

* * *

Ann Blyth has long been saving movie magazines in which her pictures or name appeared, for a proposed scrap-book. Unbeknownst to her the apartment house maid gave the magazines to the paper drive. And now poor Ann can't replace the back issues. She's scurrying all over town to second-hand magazine stands to find 'em. Ann will love you forever if you send her Blyth clippings for her hoped-for-scrap-book. She's at Universal Studios making "Bowery to Broadway," with Maria Montez.

* * *

Nineteen-year-old Guy Madison, (*Continued on page* 66)

(*Continued from page 46*)

Yes, Pat, I'm coming to it—the dates, the *fun.* That is, dates used to be fun. What am I saying? Ray and I promised each other we'd be free. He can go out with all the girls he pleases (but not the same one twice, I hope). I go to dances and everything's swell while I'm in motion, then they play something like "Long Ago and Far Away," and I'm sunk. G.I. Joe feels the same way. Sometimes soldier boy meets soldier girl and the bells begin to ring. Maybe the Navy enters in and there are combined operations with smooth sailing ahead. But as a rule there's a minor key to any celebration.

He can't forget Marjorie, or Annette, or Sally. . . . Any more than I can forget Ray. So pretty soon he's showing me her picture and I'm forcing him to look at Ray's and we're having a sociable cry over our cokes.

You're right. They do look cute together—boy and girl in uniform, just like brother and sister outfits. And, because we have shared the same life, and obeyed identical regulations (watch a soldier and a Wac sometime when they salute an officer) that's about the way we feel.

Thank you, darling. Compliments are rare in my life! Having been in the Army for over a year, I had given up expecting to look what we like to refer to as "nice" until the Rising Sun had set. I wore my o.d.'s and my sun-tans, peered out from beneath my visored cap hunting officers to salute, and tried not to wonder, when I heard the term "G.I. bag" if it referred to the purse I was carrying, or to me. But our new tropical worsteds *are* pretty, and what a morale-builder it is to be able to pull on a hat that's a little bit adjustable! And our off-duty dresses are super—there seem to be a few curves in the Army, after all.

It's late, Pat. I don't care, either, but tomorrow you're helping the Red Cross in the morning and it's Junior A.W.V.S. in the afternoon, right? And tomorrow I start my "soldiering" again—six o'clock reveille, drill, the works.

Still want to be a Wac?

Of course, you do.

And so do I.

But remember, dear, you're a soldier, too.

JANIE'S AWAKENING

From page 25

to the shady spot under a big tree off the side of the road.

"Janie's your date," Delia teased, "but I'm on your neck it seems."

"She's my date," David growled, "but she can't see me for smoke."

"You mean for a crop of red hair."

"Let's eat," David snapped. "I feel empty inside."

"That's not hunger," Delia giggled. "It's love."

David was the first to take a sandwich to prove to Delia—or maybe to himself—that it was hunger he felt, and not love.

Delia opened the thermos bottle, and poured the lemonade into the paper cups.

"Isn't this simply heaven?" Janie smiled into Rusty's eyes. "Don't you love the whole world?"

"I don't love the whole world," David said. "I hate the part that started the war. That's why I got Dad to send me to military school. They dish out discipline—the same kind of stuff they give soldiers. If the war lasts till I'm old enough to enlist, I'll be half-trained already."

"Nuts!" Rusty stretched out on the grass and locked his hands behind his head. "I despise keeping rules and stuff. Know what?"

"No," Janie breathed, "What, Rusty?"

"I'm not going back to school in the Fall. I'm going to run away and join the Navy."

"Oh, Rusty, how simply super!" Janie gasped. "How simply too brave and wonderful."

"How simply darn fool!" David growled. "The Navy can't use a boy who despises rules."

Rusty smiled at Janie. "The Navy wants brave men. Well, I'm brave. I'm not afraid of anything."

"Brave men don't brag about it, Rusty." David jumped to his feet and pulled Delia up with him. "Let's walk down the road a piece."

"We won't stay long," David told her. "It's nearly nine o'clock even if it is still light, and we've got to be home before the whistle."

"What whistle is he talking about?" Rusty asked Janie.

"We've got a silly old curfew in our town, and every girl and boy under eighteen's got to be off the streets by nine-thirty. It's a new rule, and we have to mind it."

"Baloney!" Rusty threw back his head and snapped his fingers. "I don't care *that* for rules. I know what to do and what not to do without having anybody tell me. No old whistle's going to make me get off the streets at nine-thirty."

"Rusty, you don't mean that. You'd get in trouble."

"I do mean it. I'll prove it to you. I'll prove it if you'll stick with me. We'll stay out till ten o'clock. We'll ride our bikes and sing songs, and I bet nobody'll even notice us."

"David wouldn't let me do it, Rusty."

"Do you belong to David? I thought you were free and we could have a lot of fun together while I'm here visiting. I thought you'd be my girl, and when I run away and join the Navy you'd write me letters and send me presents."

Janie looked at Rusty, but she didn't see a boy in shorts and a T-shirt; she saw a boy in a Navy uniform bravely fighting for his country. "Oh, Rusty, I'll write you every day. I'll knit you a sweater, and send you candy, and—"

"Be my girl?" Rusty asked her.

But Janie didn't have to answer. David and Delia had come back, and if she'd spoken they would have heard her. David stood very still and didn't speak to anybody. Delia picked up the picnic scraps, and closed up the basket.

"Okay, you two," David said crossly. "The picnic's over even if it was a flop."

Janie said softly, "I simply loved it, David."

David looked at her, and his eyes were hurt though his voice was sharp when he answered, "All right, stop loving it now because we've got fifteen minutes to get off the streets before curfew. If the police catch us out after that—"

Rusty laughed at him. "I'm not scared of the police. I'm not scared of anybody."

David didn't answer. He took the picnic basket from Delia and she went with him to the tandems.

Rusty dropped on his knees beside his tandem, and began fiddling with the pedal chain. "David, you and Delia ride back together. Janie and I'll come as soon as I get this loose chain tightened."

David's eyes flew to Janie's. "Is that the way you want it, Janie?"

Janie was pedaling with all her strength, pedaling like that to make Rusty go faster so they'd be nearer home when the curfew came.

Then it happened. The whistle blew—one long, two short sharp shrill blasts that made Janie's heart stop and her ears ache.

Rusty began to sing, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

When Janie heard a whistle behind them, she thought it was the curfew blowing twice, although this whistle had a different sound from the first one.

"Jeepers!" cried Rusty. "What's that, Janie?"

"Rusty!" Her voice was a croak. "We're going to be arrested!"

Rusty looked back over his shoulder, and his face looked white as chalk in the gleam of the police car's headlights. His feet scraped the concrete of the street because he stopped the bike with his feet instead of using the brake.

The policeman got out of his car and came close to them. "What you kids doing out after curfew?"

Rusty's laugh sounded like a rattle. "We're on our way home now, Captain. We had trouble with the pedal chain, Captain. We couldn't help it, Captain."

"Don't pull that 'Captain' stuff on me, kid," the policeman barked. "I'm a Sergeant, and you know it. How'd you like to spend the night in a nice hot jail? We put folks in jail here when they don't obey the city by-laws."

"What's going on with you kids tonight?" snapped the policeman. "Here comes another boy on another two seated bicycle."

The boy on the two-seated bicycle was David. David's hands on the handlebars. David's feet pedalling hard and fast. David's face clear in the police car's headlights. David leaping off the seat, saluting the officer, grasping Janie's cold little hand as he took his stand beside her.

"Thank you, sir," he said to the officer, "for helping my friend and—and my girl. I was looking for them."

"Well, now *ain't* that nice?" scoffed the policeman. "How old are you, if you'll excuse me for asking."

"I'm sixteen," David stood straight, his chin up. Janie thought he looked like a West Point man. "I know I'm out after curfew, sir, and I'm sorry I had to be. But my friend here," he looked at Rusty, "is a stranger in town, and I'm responsible for Janie."

"I want to go home." Janie whispered.

"May I take her home, sir?" David looked straight into the eyes of the smiling policeman. "If she rode up to her house in your police car it would get her in Dutch with her folks, and she's going to be in bad anyway for staying out after curfew."

The policeman put his hand on David's shoulder. "Sure, you can take your girl home, but this young redhead better spend the night in jail where he can do some thinking about rules and by-laws."

"You can't put me in jail," Rusty wailed. "I'm going to join the Navy. They won't take a man who's got a jail record."

"So you're going to join the Navy," the policeman jeered at Rusty. "The Navy's got no place for a boy who doesn't respect laws and discipline. School's the place for boys like you till you get some sense in your head, young fellow."

David cringed. Janie was ashamed that she had seen him look like that. "Maybe I had better go back to school," he said. "If I promise to go back to school will you let me go with David and Janie?"

"Go ahead!" The policeman turned his back on them.

"It was my fault, David, and you know it was. I don't know what you think of me after the way I acted tonight, but whatever you think of me I deserve it. You're good, David, and you know everything."

"Do I know you're my girl like you were before I brought Rusty home from school with me?"

"Yes, David, if you want me to be."

A WALLFLOWER BLOOMS

From page 27

Amelia flitted by, dancing every third dance with Byron. Carlton Porter was a frequent partner, and she even had three boys cut in on one short dance.

I sat on the sidelines, trying not to look like the Wall Flower I was. I chatted with old Mrs. Bailey about the church bazaar. How animated and interested I tried to appear! Then Mrs. Walters on my other side, told me a long story about Mr. Walters and his various ailments. It isn't easy to look pretty and charming and intensely interested during such a conversation, but I tried. That went on through two dances. Then I thought I'd take a turn on the terrace outside the Hall. It was a lovely night, starry and clear, just the night for a romantic meeting with a Prince Charming. But where would I find such a fantastic person on the High School terrace? If I'd seen a knight riding up on a white charger I'd have run to cover!

Well, naturally, no knight happened to be at large, and as for a white horse, there were only two in town, and hardly the type to dash up with a knight astride.

I looked at my watch. It was only nine-thirty and the evening wasn't half over. I would have to stand around waiting for that one dance with Chubby and the last dance with Jerome. I longed to be at home with a book. This being *at* a dance, yet not *of* the dance, was far from a lovely way to spend an evening.

Then I saw a shadow beside me on the terrace. A voice said, "Contemplating the stars?" I turned. There was Francis, looking handsomer than ever in his dark blue coat and white flannels. I stammered something about being fond of astrology, and knew the next moment I meant astronomy. Francis laughed. "Read my future in the stars," he said.

There was something so casual about him, so gay and friendly, yet off hand, that I found myself making a flippant answer, "You will meet a tall dark girl," I began.

Francis picked up his cue. "And I will ask her for the next dance. If I do, what do you think she'll say?"

I replied that if she weren't a complete dope she'd jump at the chance.

Francis laughed. "What, no pretending that several other men aren't after you?"

The petals of this wall flower perked up considerably.

Francis laughed again, a low lovely sound, I thought. "Suppose I ask her to dance out here on the terrace instead of in that room. What would she say?"

The petals took a turn for the worse. I couldn't say anything. My first thought was: *He doesn't want to be seen dancing with me because none of the other boys have taken me up. I'm an outsider.*

"It would be more romantic," Francis added. I perked again. Was it really that? Was there romance about me, rather than my first hasty conclusion?

The music started. I was in Francis' arms, and I suppose you would call what we were doing dancing. It was more like floating on a cloud. Francis was a leisurely dancer, never seemed to exert himself. It was more like ice skating than dancing, the way he guided me around.

Toward the end of the dance he wafted me right through one of the open French windows and we twirled around the edge of the dance floor. My billowy dress swung wide, and several boys who hadn't known I was alive until that moment turned to watch. Carlton Porter, himself, came along and asked to cut in! He was the richest and one of the most sought after boys in town. But I had Francis. He felt me clutch his shoulder and said, "Sorry, old man, some other time."

I couldn't understand why all of a sudden my ideal had taken me up. I did look rather nice in a pink chiffon dress my mother had made, and I'd pinned my hair up high in curls like I'd seen a picture of a girl in an ad. But Francis didn't seem to be looking at me. He seemed more to be looking through me!

We were both warm and Francis suggested a trip to the terrace. It was almost deserted and the stars seemed to shine even brighter than before. The moon hung low, and a soft breeze cooled us.

"Nice girls aren't always bores," he said. I tried to tie that remark into a bow and make some sense of it.

"It's a thought," I said, "but what makes you say it now?"

"It's a legend around this school," he replied. There was a pause. I didn't think I was doing very well. Then I said:

"Is it a legend about me?"

Francis laughed again. "Not particularly about you — just about 'nice' girls in general. I doubt if you kiss any boy who asks you, and if you did kiss one on some special occasion you wouldn't smear him all up with an overload of lipstick. You don't have a great deal to say, but when you do say something it has a little meaning. But I know something else about you that makes me like you."

There was nothing I had done that seemed to merit this wonderful attention from Francis. "It isn't particularly romantic, but maybe there are some things that mean more than romance, and sort of let you know that that kind of person would be pretty wonderful to know." Here is what Francis told me:

It seems our families shared the same laundress, a little elderly woman who had several children to support. Not long before this memorable evening, I had gone through my clothes closet, and had found some dresses that were a bit small for me. I cleaned and pressed them, wrapped them in tissue paper, and tied a big bow around the box in which I packed them. The laundress was a proud little woman and not the kind who would accept anything unless it was offered in a way that would not make her feel she was being patronized. She accepted my box with appreciation and since the next day happened to be the birthday of one of her daughters, my little offering was in the nature of a present.

Francis had heard his mother telling his father about it at dinner. "That girl must be a very thoughtful person," she said. "Do you know her, Francis?" Francis admitted that he really hadn't noticed me, particularly, and he didn't think anything more about it until the night of the dance when he saw me on the terrace.

Imagine, just that little thing like fixing up those clothes, before I gave them away, has opened up an entire new future for me!

Maybe boys do look deeper than the surface, and those are the very boys who are surely the most worthwhile. So just in case, I guess it is a wise idea to do as many nice things as you can, without being prissy about it, and if you're a Wall Flower, it could be that your particular Francis may come along just when you need him most. Mine did, and I am so glad. I thought I'd like to tell you about it.

ARE YOU HAVING DATE PROBLEMS

FROM PAGE 23

That is CHEATING and a very CHEAP thing to do. How would you like to be taken out by a boy and then be suddenly stranded, while he continued on with a new and a prettier girl? Of course you'd be insulted. Well, it's the same thing.

"Boys don't like girls who are catty about other girls. They'll invariably, inwardly, rise to the defense of the girl who's being talked about. It's just plain masculine valor.

"I don't think any girl should try to copy another girl's personality, no matter how much she might admire that girl. Instead, study the qualities you like best in several popular girls. Then take a personal inventory of yourself. Combine your best qualities with those you admire in other girls, and form your own distinctive pattern for your own distinctive personality!

"It's not pleasant always being left on the outer edge of a crowd that you want to go about with. I remember when I was fourteen and we formed the "GAY-TEENS Club." That was before the war, of course. We had sixty members and we held dancing parties in the country club twice a month, and we had swimming parties and hikes and weenie roasts. Our club was announced in a movie column, and the very next day I received a pitiful little note from a seventeen-year-old girl. She wanted to join the club. She said she hadn't any friends. She was working taking care of children in someone's home and she was very lonesome.

"I felt so sorry for her. I wrote and explained that the club membership had already been formed. But I suggested that she take up some secretarial activity at a night school or church where she would meet other young people her age. I admired her for writing to me and at least making the effort to make friends for herself. No one can sit in a corner and think everyone will come to you.

"I think the real secret of being popular is to cultivate the art of entertaining in your own home. You can turn the most mediocre evening into a party, by making a few sandwiches and some lemonade. Take turns and gather some of your crowd on different evenings at different girls' homes, and see the fun you'll have. Boys love to eat—and it's fun for the girls to plan the refreshments themselves.

"At my house we'll spend an evening singing and playing popular music. Or we'll improvise a movie script and put on a play. Or we'll play badminton all afternoon, then sit around and talk. Egg sandwiches are great favorites with us, and when we have the sugar we make peanut fudge.

"Tenn-age boys don't have too much money. When a girl always suggests expensive places to go, and the boy has neither the car nor the money, he'll stay away from her. I think the average boy can take a girl out to the movies or to a party about once a week. But if he has to spend his entire week's spending money on one date, he won't be anxious to repeat.

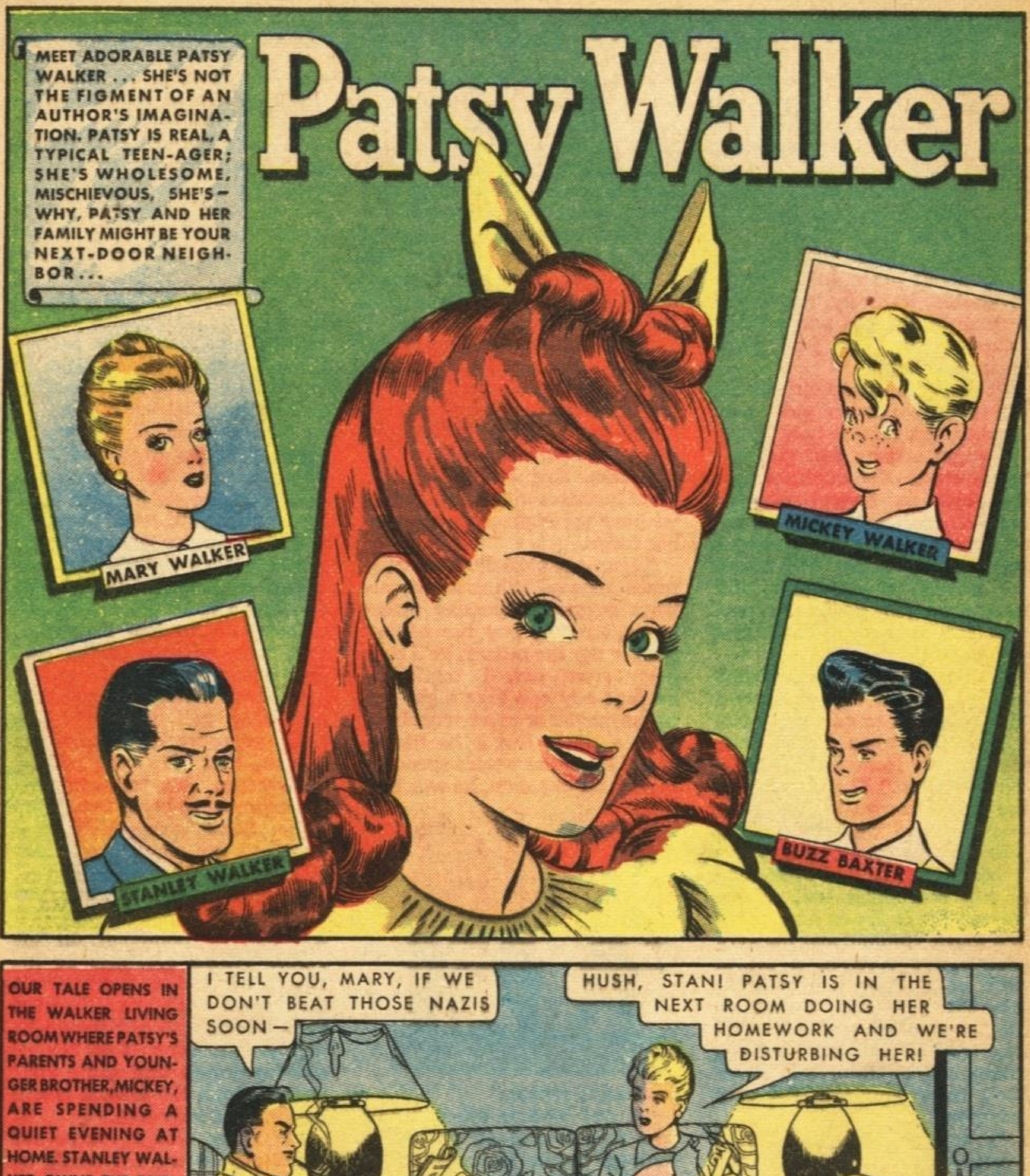
"A girl who is affected and who trys to put on an act to impress people is never popular. When she brags about her extensive travels, or that her dress is a costly original from a famous designer, you think, 'I'd like you so much better if you'd truthfully say, I'm glad you like my dress, it only cost ten dollars and I feel so good in it.' A girl who brags is a dreadful bore. The girls snicker behind her back. And the boys are embarrassed and seldom date her again. If she'd be natural and just be herself, everyone would like her.

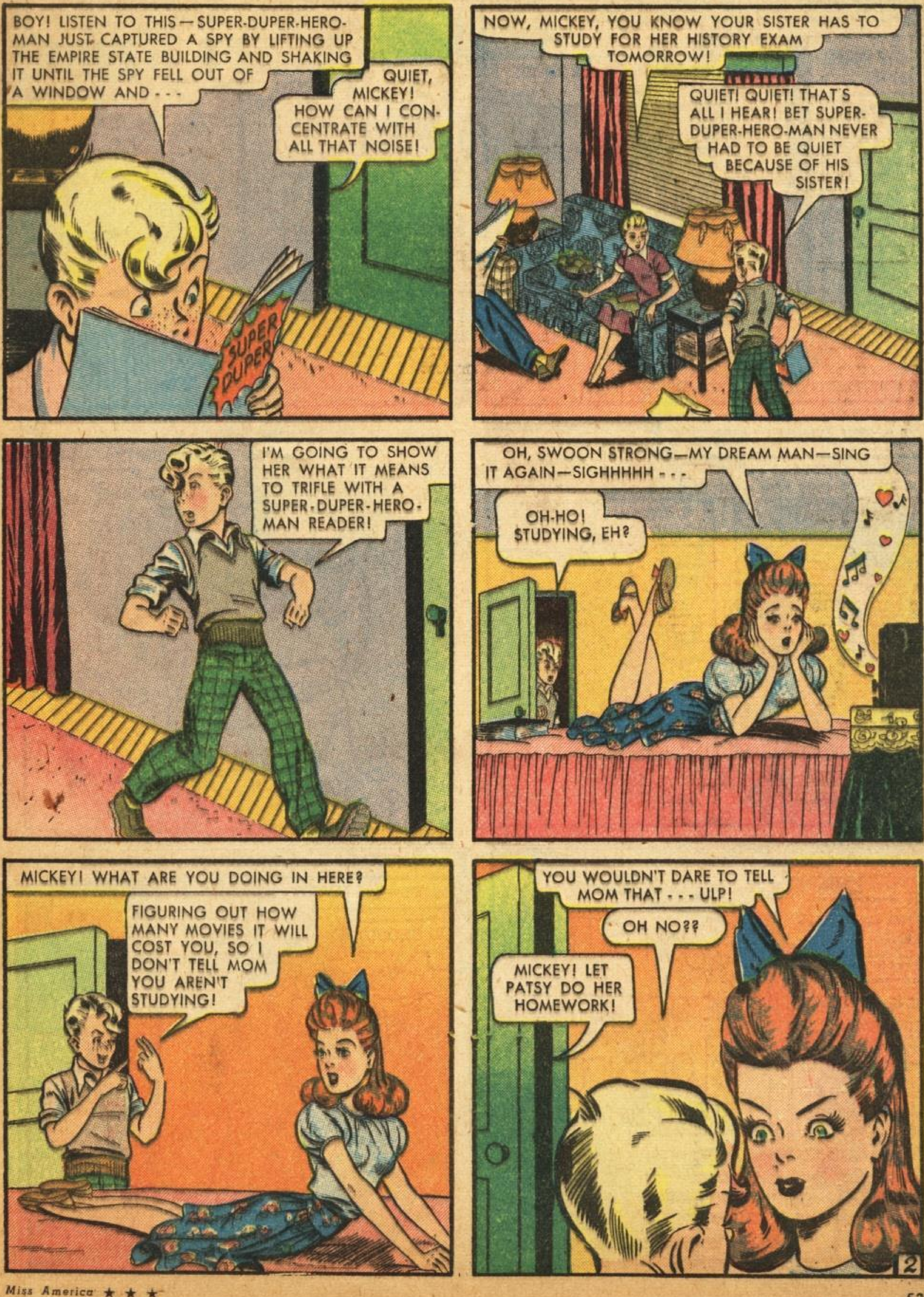
"There's nothing that makes a boy more uncomfortable than to know people are poking fun at his girl. He wants, instead, to feel that every fellow he sees envies him his girl friend.

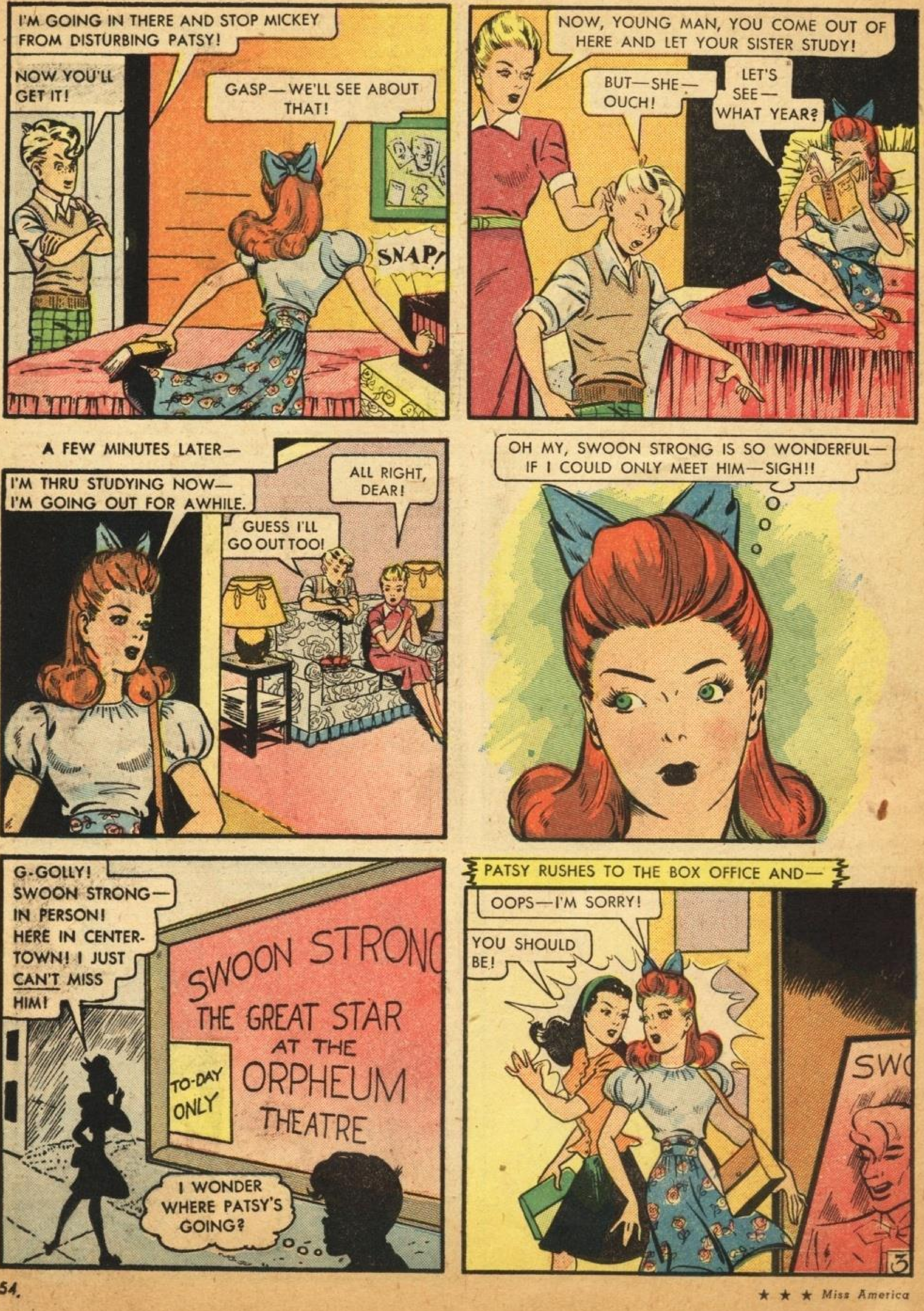
"Of course, if you have a special date, sometimes you do like to look a bit more sophisticated. But you don't have to try to look like a junior edition of Marlene Dietrich and try to be worldly wise. If you try to wear heavy perfume, and have your hair dressed exotic and wear extreme clothes and flowing veils, you will probably look like you've dressed up in your mother's clothes. You can always go to a collegiate shop and buy a smart little dress and a hat with modish little veil, that will perhaps make you look a year older. I used to.

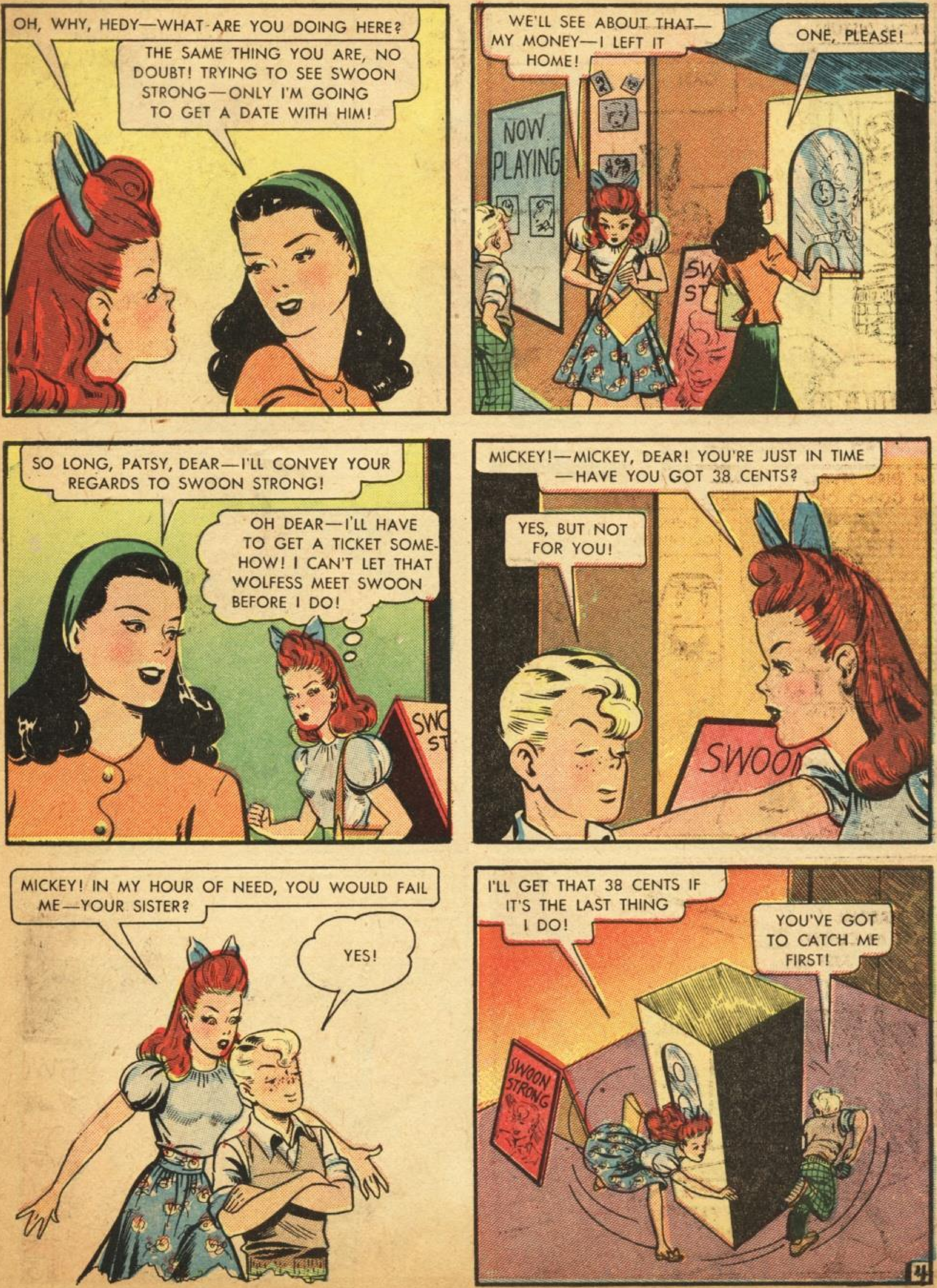
"I don't think any girl who acts silly and is giggly and noisy is appreciated. You can excuse that in very young adolescents. But teen-age girls are expected to begin to develop poise. Some girls think it is smart to use slang and others will giggle on the slightest provocation. I know one girl who always comes running into a room, or pounding up the stairs, yelling greetings at the top of her voice. Everyone's glad when she's gone, because she's so noisy. A girl should be peppy, but even if it sounds old-fashioned and some girls pooph-pooph the idea, it is still better to be lady-like.

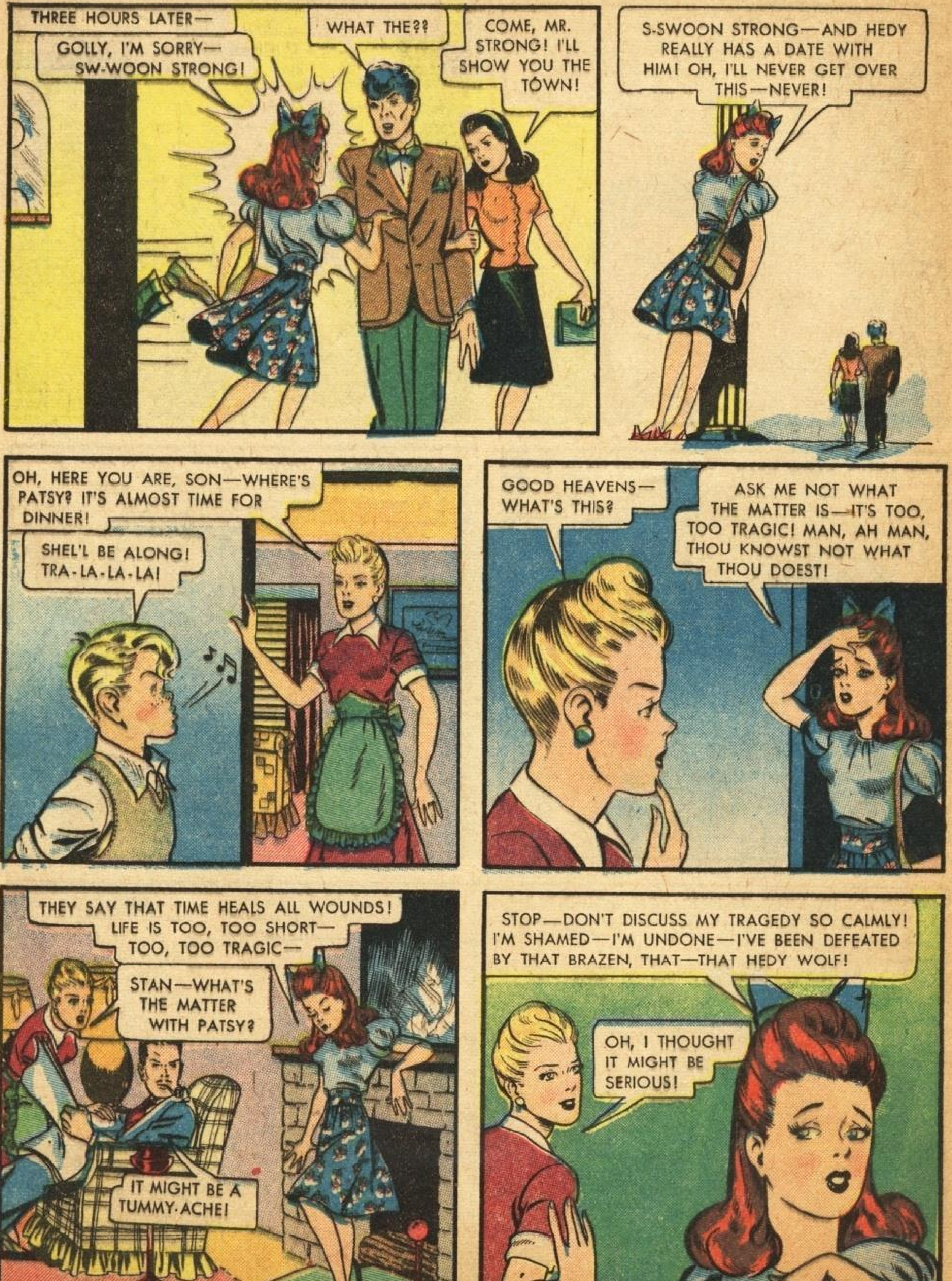
"If there was a recipe for popularity, every girl would be popular. But anyone of us can sit down and take stock of ourselves at regular intervals and learn what our mistakes have been and how we can benefit by them and improve ourselves. I like that advice Carlyle wrote about finding ideals and people worth emulating: 'We cannot look however imperfectly upon a great man or woman without gaining something from them.'"

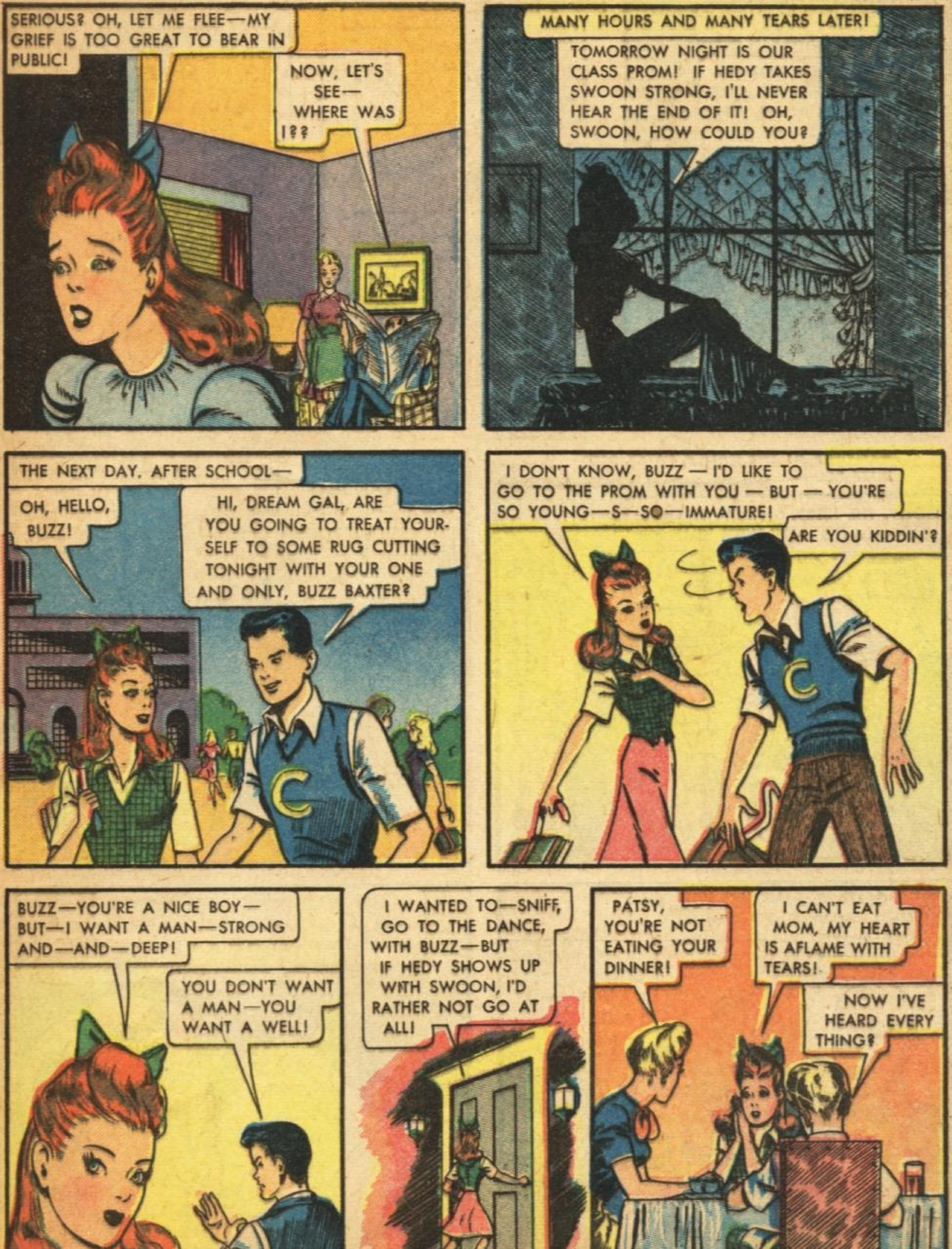

Patsy Walker
MEET ADORABLE PATSY WALKER . . . SHE'S NOT THE FIGMENT OF AN AUTHOR'S IMAGINATION. PATSY IS REAL, A TYPICAL TEEN-AGER; SHE'S WHOLESOME, MISCHIEVOUS, SHE'S — WHY, PATSY AND HER FAMILY MIGHT BE YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR . . .
MARY WALKER
MICKEY WALKER
STANLEY WALKER
BUZZ BAXTER
OUR TALE OPENS IN THE WALKER LIVING ROOM WHERE PATSY'S PARENTS AND YOUNGER BROTHER, MICKEY, ARE SPENDING A QUIET EVENING AT HOME. STANLEY WALKER OWNS THE FAIRMONT DRUGSTORE; MARY, HIS WIFE, IS AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE PARENT TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION; MICKEY—OH, THAT MICKEY! — WELL, YOU KNOW HOW KID BROTHERS ARE...
I TELL YOU, MARY, IF WE DON'T BEAT THOSE NAZIS SOON —
HUSH, STAN! PATSY IS IN THE NEXT ROOM DOING HER HOMEWORK AND WE'RE DISTURBING HER!

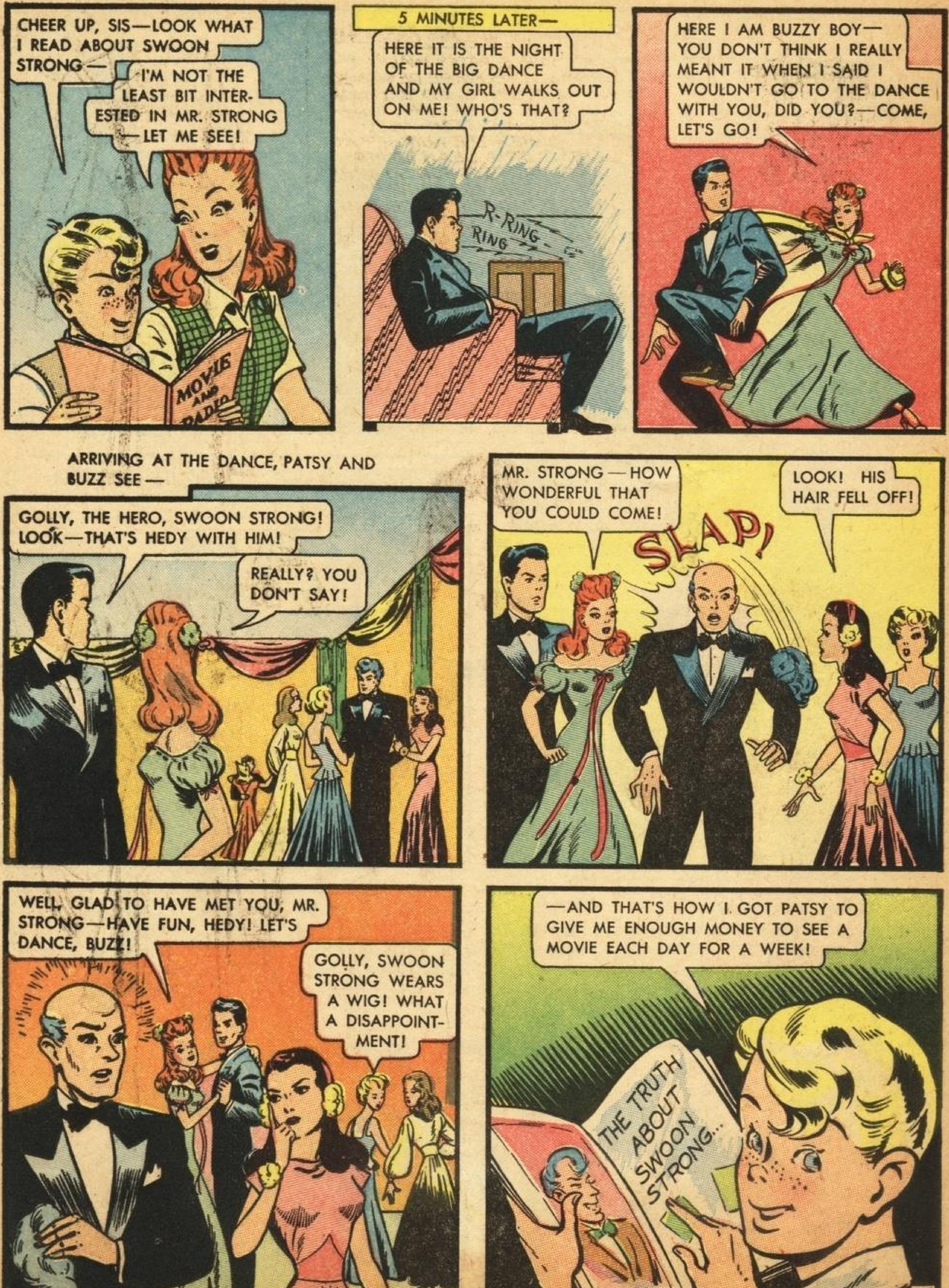

BOY! LISTEN TO THIS—SUPER-DUPER-HERO-MAN JUST CAPTURED A SPY BY LIFTING UP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND SHAKING IT UNTIL THE SPY FELL OUT OF A WINDOW AND - - -
QUIET, MICKEY! HOW CAN I CONCENTRATE WITH ALL THAT NOISE!
SUPER DUPER
NOW, MICKEY, YOU KNOW YOUR SISTER HAS TO STUDY FOR HER HISTORY EXAM TOMORROW!
QUIET! QUIET! THAT'S ALL I HEAR! BET SUPER-DUPER-HERO-MAN NEVER HAD TO BE QUIET BECAUSE OF HIS SISTER!
I'M GOING TO SHOW HER WHAT IT MEANS TO TRIFLE WITH A SUPER-DUPER-HERO-MAN READER!
OH, SWOON STRONG—MY DREAM MAN—SING IT AGAIN—SIGHHHHH - - -
OH-HO! $TUDYING, EH?
MICKEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?
FIGURING OUT HOW MANY MOVIES IT WILL COST YOU, SO I DON'T TELL MOM YOU AREN'T STUDYING!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE TO TELL MOM THAT - - - ULP!
OH NO??
MICKEY! LET PATSY DO HER HOMEWORK!
2


I'M GOING IN THERE AND STOP MICKEY FROM DISTURBING PATSY!
NOW YOU'LL GET IT!
GASP—WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
SNAP!
NOW, YOUNG MAN, YOU COME OUT OF HERE AND LET YOUR SISTER STUDY!
BUT—SHE—OUCH!
LET'S SEE—WHAT YEAR?
A FEW MINUTES LATER—
I'M THRU STUDYING NOW—I'M GOING OUT FOR AWHILE.
ALL RIGHT, DEAR!
GUESS I'LL GO OUT TOO!
OH MY, SWOON STRONG IS SO WONDERFUL—IF I COULD ONLY MEET HIM—SIGH!!
G-GOLLY! SWOON STRONG—IN PERSON! HERE IN CENTER-TOWN! I JUST CAN'T MISS HIM!
SWOON STRONG THE GREAT STAR AT THE ORPHEUM THEATRE
TO-DAY ONLY
I WONDER WHERE PATSY'S GOING?
PATSY RUSHES TO THE BOX OFFICE AND—
OOPS—I'M SORRY!
YOU SHOULD BE!
SWO
3


OH, WHY, HEDY—WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THE SAME THING YOU ARE, NO DOUBT! TRYING TO SEE SWOON STRONG—ONLY I'M GOING TO GET A DATE WITH HIM!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT—MY MONEY—I LEFT IT HOME!
ONE, PLEASE!
NOW PLAYING
SW ST
SO LONG, PATSY, DEAR—I'LL CONVEY YOUR REGARDS TO SWOON STRONG!
OH DEAR—I'LL HAVE TO GET A TICKET SOMEHOW! I CAN'T LET THAT WOLFESS MEET SWOON BEFORE I DO!
SWO ST
MICKEY!—MICKEY, DEAR! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME —HAVE YOU GOT 38 CENTS?
YES, BUT NOT FOR YOU!
SWOO
MICKEY! IN MY HOUR OF NEED, YOU WOULD FAIL ME—YOUR SISTER?
YES!
I'LL GET THAT 38 CENTS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH ME FIRST!
SWOON STRONG
4


THREE HOURS LATER—
GOLLY, I'M SORRY— SW-WOON STRONG!
WHAT THE??
COME, MR. STRONG! I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN!
S-SWOON STRONG—AND HEDY REALLY HAS A DATE WITH HIM! OH, I'LL NEVER GET OVER THIS—NEVER!
OH, HERE YOU ARE, SON—WHERE'S PATSY? IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR DINNER!
SHEL'L BE ALONG! TRA-LA-LA-LA!
GOOD HEAVENS— WHAT'S THIS?
ASK ME NOT WHAT THE MATTER IS—IT'S TOO, TOO TRAGIC! MAN, AH MAN, THOU KNOWST NOT WHAT THOU DOEST!
THEY SAY THAT TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS! LIFE IS TOO, TOO SHORT— TOO, TOO TRAGIC—
STAN—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PATSY?
IT MIGHT BE A TUMMY-ACHE!
STOP—DON'T DISCUSS MY TRAGEDY SO CALMLY! I'M SHAMED—I'M UNDONE—I'VE BEEN DEFEATED BY THAT BRAZEN, THAT—THAT HEDY WOLF!
OH, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE SERIOUS!
5


SERIOUS? OH, LET ME FLEE—MY GRIEF IS TOO GREAT TO BEAR IN PUBLIC!
NOW, LET'S SEE— WHERE WAS I??
MANY HOURS AND MANY TEARS LATER!
TOMORROW NIGHT IS OUR CLASS PROM! IF HEDY TAKES SWOON STRONG, I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT! OH, SWOON, HOW COULD YOU?
THE NEXT DAY. AFTER SCHOOL—
OH, HELLO, BUZZ!
HI, DREAM GAL, ARE YOU GOING TO TREAT YOURSELF TO SOME RUG CUTTING TONIGHT WITH YOUR ONE AND ONLY, BUZZ BAXTER?
C
I DON'T KNOW, BUZZ — I'D LIKE TO GO TO THE PROM WITH YOU — BUT — YOU'RE SO YOUNG—S—SO—IMMATURE!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
C
BUZZ—YOU'RE A NICE BOY—BUT—I WANT A MAN—STRONG AND—AND—DEEP!
YOU DON'T WANT A MAN—YOU WANT A WELL!
I WANTED TO—SNIFF, GO TO THE DANCE, WITH BUZZ—BUT IF HEDY SHOWS UP WITH SWOON, I'D RATHER NOT GO AT ALL!
PATSY, YOU'RE NOT EATING YOUR DINNER!
I CAN'T EAT MOM, MY HEART IS AFLAME WITH TEARS!
NOW I'VE HEARD EVERY THING?


CHEER UP, SIS—LOOK WHAT I READ ABOUT SWOON STRONG—
I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT INTERESTED IN MR. STRONG—LET ME SEE!
MOVIE AND RADIO
5 MINUTES LATER—
HERE IT IS THE NIGHT OF THE BIG DANCE AND MY GIRL WALKS OUT ON ME! WHO'S THAT?
R-RING RING
HERE I AM BUZZY BOY—YOU DON'T THINK I REALLY MEANT IT WHEN I SAID I WOULDN'T GO TO THE DANCE WITH YOU, DID YOU?—COME, LET'S GO!
ARRIVING AT THE DANCE, PATSY AND BUZZ SEE—
GOLLY, THE HERO, SWOON STRONG! LOOK—THAT'S HEDY WITH HIM!
REALLY? YOU DON'T SAY!
MR. STRONG—HOW WONDERFUL THAT YOU COULD COME!
SLAP!
LOOK! HIS HAIR FELL OFF!
WELL, GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU, MR. STRONG—HAVE FUN, HEDY! LET'S DANCE, BUZZ!
GOLLY, SWOON STRONG WEARS A WIG! WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!
—AND THAT'S HOW I GOT PATSY TO GIVE ME ENOUGH MONEY TO SEE A MOVIE EACH DAY FOR A WEEK!
THE TRUTH ABOUT SWOON STRONG...
7

PAGE

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and interested. With most girls looking dull and bored is nothing but a bad habit.

There are some pitfalls into which the practicing beginner is liable to run. Beware of exaggerating? You don't have to roll your eyeballs aid smack your lips every time you want the world to know that you are pleased with something. Then, also, there is one muscle which a smart girl will try to leave strictly alone. Anatomists call it the *platysma;* it covers the throat like a broad rubber band and stretches from the chin all the way down to where the chest begins. The platysma is the muscle of strain and horror, and when it is too much developed it can be a serious threat to feminine beauty. Just to get the feel of it, try it out for yourself: Bend your head slightly forward, then open our mouth halfway and pull your chin in at the same time. Now look at yourself in the mirror. You'll be doing well if you don't look any worse than Boris Karloff.

Another pitfall is that some girls tend to use the mouth exclusively to express their thoughts and feelings. If you look at one of those faces which always seem so lively and interesting, you will find that they are fluid with expression all over, not just around the mouth. Beware of putting on a "chewing gum grin" if what you really want is to smile. Baring your teeth and pulling the corners of your mouth apart just isn't enough. In a truly sincere smile the muscles around the eyes and the nose are also active. Tie a scarf around the lower half of your face and then try to smile at yourself in the mirror. If it looks like a smile, you are on your way to success. All the muscles of the face are closely connected with each other, and you can't just exercise one and neglect the others. It looks fake, and people will say you are affectated.

A sincere smile is one of the most disarming weapons a girl has. It usually goes with a joyful heart, but even an artificial smile is more than just a "mask." When you smile, the people around you will automatically smile back at you, unless they are very angry or very sad. This "return smile" is a natural reaction, and it will make you feel well-liked, happy and more self-confident in your turn. That's why it pays to smile. That's why it pays to learn *how* to smile.

ARE YOU LONESOME

FROM PAGE 30

which she alone was excluded, were like painful slaps; every time the others chummed together, something tightened up in her throat. Loneliness stared her in the face from everywhere. And all the time her heart cried: "*I want to be friendly!*"

Why are people lonely? Every normal girl wants to be popular and have friends and be well liked. Every girl wants to belong to a crowd, have fun with the others, be gay and attractive. Why should anybody want to be lonely?

The answer is surprising and simple: *loneliness is fear.* Behind every case of loneliness is a secret dread of being slighted or humiliated, or even despised. Some have the fear that they won't make the grade—feelings of inferiority about something, about looks or brains or social standing. Others fret that they won't measure up to the expectations which they have built up around themselves—pathetic little fakers trying hard to keep intact the shining halo which is covering up some little weakness.

Cora's secret fear had to do with her clumsiness in making conversation. She got easily flustered and mixed up, was slow on comebacks, and she did not have any smart quips in her repertoire. It was a little thing, you might say, but to Cora it was gigantic. Every time she compared herself with the others, she got the picture of a hopeless dud in a crowd of brilliant wits. So, instead of risking embarrassment and humiliation, she shut herself off from the others behind a wall; a wall of pride and defiance where no one could come too near and hurt her. But all the time she longed to be liked.

There are other fears that make people lonely. Take Lizzie's case.

Lizzie was overweight, though not very badly. She was what most people would call a fairly pretty girl, but to herself she looked like *Fatsy Pummel* of the comic strip. She did not belong to any crowd—but then, she thought, why should she? In her mind she could practically see the boys buzzing around the other girls, and no one giving her even as much as a second look. She could already hear them passing the word around, "T.O.T.E.", Tough On The Eyes. No, Lizzie did not care for any humiliating experiences of that sort; she did not care to get hurt where it was most painful. So she stood apart. But secretly she suffered.

Or take the case of Jane. Her family had recently moved from a poor neighborhood to a much better one. In her old school Jane had had many friends, but she did not seem to be able to make any in the new one. The girls had been nice to her, as American girls always are to a newcomer, and they had tried to make her feel at home. But for some puzzling reason Jane continued to be all by herself. Nobody seemed good enough for her.

When Jane's mother brought her to me, she said, "I can't understand the girl. She is so lonesome. No friends, no nothing. She wasn't that way before. Maybe she is sick."

As I talked to Jane, I soon had the answer to the puzzle. She was not sick, of course. But she was suffering from a bad case of social inferiority feelings. To make up for her old poor neighborhood, she had taken to strewing high-brow words into her conversation, words which ill-fitted her simple, graceful personality. She bragged about expensive clothes and sophisticated gadgets which, judging from what the mother told me, she had never possessed. She mentioned places where she had certainly never been, persons whom she had surely never met. And with the constant fear that the others would soon call her little bluff, if she let them come too close, she had withdrawn into a castle of proud independence. A castle which she defended with a defiant air, but with a lonely heart.

Loneliness can be cured. The cure is just as simple as the evil, if you have the courage to face it. The main thing is to discover what you don't want the others to find out about you. You must unmask the secret dread which started you on the bitter trail of loneliness. The rest comes easy.

One day an older woman, a teacher who had noticed Cora's loneliness, took her aside, and asked, "Don't you ever feel unhappy, so all alone and without friends?"

"I am my own best friend," Cora snapped back. "I am enough company for myself."

But the woman did not give up. She knew that when a girl gets snippish it means that a sensitive spot has been touched. She kept asking questions and making kindly suggestions, until, at last, Cora confided her secret trouble: that awful clumsiness with words and comebacks. Then they had a long talk.

The woman told Cora to take a good look around. Did she really think that everyone of those other girls had been born with an oratorical silver spoon in her mouth? Wasn't it true that in any crowd all the comebacks and smart quips are made by two or three of the girls, while the others just provide the "background"? And were those others less happy and gay for that? The trouble was that in Cora's mind these two or three girls had been her yardstick, because they possessed the very thing that she herself lacked.

The next thing Cora had to do was to come out from behind that artificial wall of pride and defiance. She did. She began to mingle with the others; she said "hello" to them first, without waiting for them to say it; she took more interest in the affairs of the crowd. The girls were a little suspicious at first about that sudden change, but like most human beings, when treated with kindliness, they were quick to forget and forgive.

And one day the same girl who had approached her before, came to her again: "There is a little dance over at our house next Sunday. Would you like to come?" she asked.

"Thanks. I'll be glad to come," Cora smiled back. The ice was broken.

That night Cora cried in her pillow again. But this time the tears which filled her eyes were tears of happiness.

HEAR THE BLUE BELLS RING

FROM PAGE 21

shaded low ranch buildings, weathered and brown as the earth, the corral and, beyond, pasture land climbing doggedly to the humped hills.

Meg's tall lean father came from the barn, rubbing his hands on his trousers.

"Welcome to Sun Dog, little lady," he said heartily.

He picked Dierdre from the wagon seat, set her on the ground. Meg bit her lip.

"Th-thank you," said Dierdre breathlessly. She set her hat on straight. "You—you're—?"

"My father," said Meg. "Not the hired man."

Jock Warner gave his daughter a quick look. Meg jumped to the ground. Her mother came hurrying from the ranch house veranda. Mary Warner wore slacks. She was as slim as a twenty-year-old, brown and beautiful, but Dierdre probably wouldn't see it, being used to the kind of looks you bought in stores.

"My dear," said Mrs. Warner, "we're so happy to have you. I only wish your mother had thought of this years ago. You and Meg should have been growing up together." She clasped Dierdre to her, held her off. "My, but you're lovely! The image of your mother."

Meg began yanking down expensive rawhide luggage. Inside was a terrible ache. Couldn't they see that Dierdre Sheriton was a snob, secretly scorning them and their beloved Sun Dog Ranch?

MEG CAME galloping, dark hair streaming like Storm's own black mane. Two feet from Dierdre she reined up. The stallion reared, stepping, nostrils flared.

Dierdre fell back. "Isn't—isn't he handsome?" she said. "Reminds me of a horse I saw race at Churchill Downs, England."

"Thought you'd like him," Meg said.

"He's—for me?"

Meg nodded. "Of course, he's still a little headstrong. Hasn't had a saddle on long. But I knew you'd want something lively."

"Well, I—"

"Don't you want him?"

Meg looked at Dierdre in her spotless white breeches and scarlet coat. A very pretty picture she'd make on Storm—or off.

Dierdre hesitated. "I'm used to an English saddle—"

"Oh, too bad. All we have here, of course, is western."

The eyes of the two met. Meg's full of challenge. Dierdre's remote. Then, slowly, Dierdre's chin came up. She approached the fidgety stallion.

"Here," Meg said. "I'd better hold him. Might want to buck."

Storm did want to buck. The change of riders didn't meet with his approval. He flung up his head, reared, and tossed Dierdre Sheritan neatly into a heap of hay waiting to be forked into the barn.

Dierdre floundered out, sneezing, red coat prickled like a porcupine's.

Meg brushed her off, laughing. "Wasn't Storm the little gentleman, though. He might have tossed you onto that stone pile."

Dierdre looked at the stone pile.

"A few more times," Meg assured her, " and he'll get used to you."

"I don't think," said Dierdre in a frozen voice, "that I care to ride any more."

"Okay," said Meg. "No obligation." She sighed. "We'll go in and have a hand of bridge."

"Bridge," said Dierdre in surprise, "here?"

From then on it got just as deadly as Meg had known it would. For hours every day she sat with Dierdre, playing cards, listening to records or radio, leafing through smart women's magazines.

Sat—while the outside world was calling. Meg's beloved outdoors. Through the window, the breeze brought the smell of sweet clean earth and sun-hot clover. Birds sang. Far off, thundering riderless in the pasturelands, horses neighed. Sun Dog Creek romped down from the hills, clear and cold. Away over in a stand of sun-splashed pine and poplar, loons cried on Crooked Lake. And above the lake, on a cliff that was to have been the site of her cabin, bluebells rang silently, but Meg heard.

Meg didn't know how much longer she could stand it. The strain of playing hostess to Dierdre was beginning to tell. She was haunted by the fear of running out of ideas. What to do next? She worked feverishly filling in Dierdre's time. But she could tell that Dierdre was getting more and more bored. Naturally, thought Meg, this isn't exactly the Riviera.

Meg began to rise a few hours early every morning. Saddling a horse, she rode into the hills or, more often, over to Crooked Lake. Maybe next summer she could get at that cabin, unless—the sudden thought shook her—this Dierdre thing got to be a habit.

"Meg dear," said Mrs. Warner before breakfast one morning, "why don't you ask Dierdre to go with you sometimes?"

"This early? Heavens, she has to get her beauty sleep."

"I'm worried about her," said Mary Warner slowly. "Somehow, I don't think she's really enjoying herself here."

Dierdre wasn't!

"Well, I'm practically breaking my back to please her."

"Yes, but—" Mary Warner frowned—"don't you think it would be better if you got outdoors more? I tell you what, I'll fix up a nice box lunch and you two can have a picnic over at Crooked Lake. Go canoeing, and swimming."

"Oh, mother, I don't think Dierdre would enjoy—"

"I'd love it—really" Dierdre stood in the doorway.

Meg's mother beamed. Meg looked down at her scuffed boots. Crooked Lake, the one place she never wanted to take Dierdre. Crooked Lake was—well, *special*. You had to take people there who could hear the bluebells ring. Not climbers of Swiss Alps and viewers of the Bay of Naples.

"It looks like rain," she said dubiously. "Still—and cloudy."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Warner. "It's been that way all week." She smiled. "Meg dear, I'm sure Dierdre would like to see the plans for your cabin."

Meg felt like crying. Wasn't anything sacred from Dierdre?

"Cabin?" Dierdre asked inquiringly.

"Meg's been wanting a cabin over on the lake for years," said Mrs. Warner. "We've finally consented. The men will start building any time Meg gets the plans complete. She'll show you the site."

"How wonderful!" cried Dierdre. "I want to hear all about it."

Meg went out to see about getting the team hitched and the canoe into the wagon.

DIERDRE OFFERED to paddle, but Meg refused. "It's too rough. By the looks of it, any moment it may kick up into white caps."

Having eaten lunch, they were on their way to the far side of Crooked Lake to the cabin site on the cliff. In the center of the canoe, Dierdre trailed languid fingers overside. "This reminds me of a lake in France near the Swiss border," she said. "We stayed at an old chateau." She sighed. "How I hated to leave that place."

Meg didn't answer. In mid-lake, the canoe careened in suddenly choppy water. Whitecaps flecked rising waves. Across on shore, tree tops shook. Rain began.

"Give me the other paddle." said Dierdre. "You can't manage alone."

"Yes, I can!" said Meg.

Angrily, she jabbed the paddle into the choppy water, nearly lost balance. She tried to steady herself.

"Look out!" cried Dierdre.

Too late. Meg hadn't seen the drifting log ahead. The canoe crashed it, overturned.

As she rose to the surface, Meg looked for Dierdre. She was relieved to see the other girl's head near by. Dierdre was hanging to the capsized canoe.

"Are you all right?" gasped Meg. "Can you swim?"

"Oh, yes," said Dierdre cheerfully.

Dog paddle, probably, thought Meg wryly. Now she'd have to tow Dierdre ashore somehow. She struck out toward the canoe.

"Oh," cried Meg. "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" called Dierdre anxiously. "Are you hurt?"

"Cramps!" groaned Meg. She doubled painfully, went under.

Dierdre brought her to the surface. "Meg—Meg! Here—I'll get you ashore."

"You can't. Don't try," Meg said.

But Dierdre gripped Meg gently but firmly, in an expert hold, began slowly to fight her way toward shore.

Shrieking, the wind roved the lake. Rain drove down blindingly. Waves splashed over them. Meg choked, swallowed mouthfuls of water, was torn with pain and terrible fear.

"We'll never make it," she moaned. "Let me go, Dierdre. You can get ashore by yourself."

"Shut up!"

Meg thought she couldn't have heard correctly. Dierdre couldn't have spoken like that, well-bred Dierdre Sheriton! Some trick of the wind. Then pain blotted out further thought. They'd never get ashore. This was the end. But oh, she didn't want to die. Frantically, Meg flailed out....

WHEN SHE opened her eyes, she was lying on a strip of beach under lessening rain. She struggled to sit up. Beside her, Dierdre lay, face down, slim shoulders heaving. Meg crawled over, reached a shaking hand to Dierdre's flung out arm.

"Dierdre," she said in awe. "We—you made it. All that way. You got us ashore."

Dierdre flopped over, stared up at Meg as if she were too exhausted to care.

Meg said, frowning, "But how? I don't—remember."

"I had to knock you out," said Dierdre calmly. "You were fighting me."

In the distance, faint thunder dying.

Meg said humbly, "I'm sorry. I won't any more. Diedre—"

"Yes."

"I—I guess I haven't been quite fair to you. You see, I thought you were—were soft—"

Dierdre nodded, sitting up. "I'm not, Meg, really. The reason I was that way about Storm was because once I was in a cast for three months after a horse threw me. I just couldn't explain because you were so superior and I—I felt so shy."

"Superior—me!" gasped Meg. "You—shy? But why on earth—"

Dierdre said quickly, "Unless you'd lived my life, you wouldn't understand. I've travelled—too much. No roots anywhere. No home. No friends. We moved about so much I never had a chance to make anything but—just acquaintances."

Meg said, "I—I never thought—"

"How I envy you!" Dierdre burst out. "Two wonderful parents. A real home. A—a settledness. You belong some place. I'm so lost!"

Meg put out an impulsive brown hand. "You aren't lost any more," she said. "You're found. I've found you—and you've found a friend in me—forever."

Dierdre's eyes came alive.

"And we'll plan and build that cabin together," said Meg joyously. "It'll be ours—together. Sharing it will make it twice as much fun for me. I know that now."

DEAR BETTY ANN

FROM PAGE 35

positively speechless.

Frankie has that strange power over women. I couldn't move a muscle. He is so slender and so manly and so cute. He was wearing the cutest red bow tie with a white shirt and blue suit. And his hair was combed just perfect. He looked plenty sharp.

And how Frankie smelled! It was wonderful. Something like jasmine—only it was masculine like. One girl asked Frankie what made him smell so good. Frankie said 'Some of my critics say I smell—and they don't say good!" Isn't that wonderful how he can be so unconceited. Tears came right to my eyes—when he said it. I was so filled with the beauty of Frankie's spirit.

Then the kids came out of the trance Frankie sends you in, and asked for autographs. Horrors, Sally and I didn't have a scrap of paper—and not one of those kids would tear a page out of their precious books. Any second, Frankie was going to take off, and we wouldn't have a thing to show for him. In desperation, I ripped the linen pocket off my dress and handed it to Frankie. I tried to say something appropriate, but his terrific charm held me speechless.

Frankie was so understanding. He looked at me and his eyes conveyed a personal message, like, "Let's Call It Love." I almost fainted, my heart thumped so hard. I could hardly stand it—he was so sweet.

Frankie wrote, "Victoria from Frankie" in red ink. When he gave it back to me, my hand just hung on to his. I was so embarrassed to be so forward. But what could I do? Frankie just hypnotizes you. You can't help yourself. And Betts—he actually held my left hand in the flesh for three seconds. I swore a fatal vow worse than death, that I would never, never wash that hand. And I never would have, if Sally's brother Bud hadn't forced me to break my solemn word.

Frankie said he was making a movie "Anchors Away" with Gene Kelly. Frankie dances on the screen this time. I guess there isn't anything that Frankie can't do.

Sally and I went home and when we went to our Secret Six club we showed the other girls our genuine Sinatras. Beverly straight way offered me a quarter for mine. As though I'd sell Frankie for a mere quarter. Then she raised to fifty cents. Next, Josie up and offered me her full week's allowance — seventy-five cents.

That started me thinking, and you know Betts, when I start thinking, anything can happen. I told Sally not to say where we got our Sinatra autographs. We'd keep it secret. But the very next morning we set out for Metro. There was a gang of kids waiting for Frankie again. This time, we had pencil and paper.

Luckily, Frankie didn't seem to notice that we had been there yesterday. He signed our papers cheerfully. I called up Josie and told her I had a genuine bona-fide Sinatra autograph to sell to her. She was over my house in a fast ten minutes and claimed it. And she gave me her seventy-five cents.

Being in the autograph business is pretty good. I called up another girl and told her I was in a position to sell her a brand new Frankie autograph. She offered to trade me one Betty Grable plus twenty-five cents. I okayed the deal.

Sally and I decided that we could make a dollar a day getting Frankie's autograph. I was even going to cut you in, Betts. I thought of sending them to you in New York. You could be our branch office, and our Eastern representative.

For four days, everything was super. But you know how progressive I am. I had the big idea of increasing our profits, by taking Sally's brother, Bud along. He could ask for an extra autograph, and that would give us three to sell, instead of just two? Never, never trust a man Betts! Honestly, it is always the woman who pays. And how tragically!

Bud collected Frankie's cherished autograph, okay. And Frankie didn't say a word, although I am sure that he noticed the carbon under my paper. He's too polite to ask questions, I guess. Anyway, I was planning to send Frankie a new bow tie, from the profits to prove my loyalty to him.

Everything was just perfect. We gave Bud a dime for the autograph. But then he insisted that he wanted to become a member of the firm. Sally and I said "no" and we adjourned into her room for a business conference. And that awful Bud—he did the most disgraceful, disreputable, thing. He stood outside and listened through the keyhole. And when Sally's mother came home he told her that Sally and I were selling Frankie Sinatra autographs for fifty cents apiece — and more when we could get it!

Sally's mother broke right into our private business conference. She asked us if it was true. It was. She began to cry. She said we had disgraced her for life; that the family would never dare hold up its head again with an air of respectability. Oh Betts—it was awful!

I tried to defend Sally, but Sally's mother has no head for business. She couldn't realize that any girl would rather have a genuine Frankie Sinatra autographed than seventy-five cents. So I went home in disgust. I met mother at the door—and she was crying. She said, "what had she done to deserve such embarassment. To think a daughter of her's would be obtaining money from the neighborhood dishonestly!"

Well Betts, you know how unreasonable mothers are. I tried explaining the priceless value of authentic Sinatras. But she just couldn't understand, not being of our generation.

The end was, that I had to discontinue business and worse still, return all of the money I had collected from Josie and the other girls for the autographs. Which means that I am hopelessly in debt with six weeks borrowed in advance on my allowance. And I have no resources. Isn't it tragic Betts?

There'll be no more strawberry sodas—and just when I was beginning my first season at leaving those nice red lipstick rings on the straws. Sallys says it will be good for my figure—but, oh, those sodas with double dips. If you have any ideas, how I can immediately recuperate my finances—air mail me.

With love from your faithful and devoted Vicky.

Victoria Allen Dunford.

CHARM ROU-TEENS

FROM PAGE 42

prefer That's a daily ritual you simply can't miss if you want to be dainty and attractive. Give yourself a good soaping — and don't forget your back—it's still a part of you even though you can't see it. If you haven't used up all your pin money for the week and you want to make extra-special preparations for a date, try a handful of special water softener made of crushed lavender flowers and cereals. It perfumes the water and helps remove dead skin cells, leaving your body soft and satin smooth. Then dust yourself liberally with a light-scented powder and apply a good cream deodorant.

You'll have to scrub your way to a beautiful complexion too, because cleanliness is also basic to a glowing, healthy skin. Those red, stubborn hickies that crop out from goodness-knows-where almost every time you want to make a special impression are caused partly by dirt that lodges in the pores of your skin and partly by improper eating habits. Let's attack them from the outside first.

Lather your face well with luke-warm suds, use your brush gently with a quick, circular motion, then rinse, first in clear, warm water, and finally in plenty of cold water. Dry your face by patting briskly with a towel—and dry it well to prevent chapping. For those who have extra time and money, or whose skin needs special attention, there are always good cream preparations on the market, such as delicately lovely milk creams. For the dry-skinned, there is a Dry Skin Cleansing Cream which is designed to soften and lubricate; for the oily-skinned there is a liquefying cream, one with a mineral instead of a lubricating oil base, which leaves no trace of itself behind to lubricate an already oily skin. Either of these should be followed by an astringent lotion. It helps get rid of large or clogged pores and stimulates your skin.

But most of you "young things" aren't troubled with such afflictions. And you *won't* be if you remember to keep your skin well-scrubbed and clean. Let your pores breathe easily, and *you* will too—when you look at a glowing, healthy, smooth complexion in the mirror.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

FROM PAGE 33

of your face and enlarge its pores. The only thing which will kill them is a daily washing with mild soap and warm—not hot—water. Rinse thoroughly after soaping, and end off with a splash or two of really cold water. Cleansing with creams only, feeds face germs. But creams and cosmetics may be used without injury after the soap and water treatment.

There is nothing so lovely as a natural young complexion. If you are lucky enough to have one, don't hide it. And if you must use make-up, try not to look made-up. A young face too heavily encrusted with rouge and powder, is every bit as grotesque as a wrinkled, elderly face with the same silly mask.

Medical Fact. There is one headache girls don't really want to get rid of—Boys!

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

FROM PAGE 47

who played the lonesome sailor in "Since You Went Away," was the most popular fellow at the party following the premiere. He's in the Coast Guard, but even those older women of 20 and 22 were making eyes at him. Guy says he likes girls 16. "They're cutest!"

* * *

Virginia Weidler has been dating Cpl. Ray McDonald, who's here appearing in "Winged Victory." They don't go steady, since Virginia doesn't confine her date lists, but they were at the Troc . . . Virginia a dream in a sophisticated little black dress with pink flowers in her hair. Ginny's seventeen, and just back from a long personal appearance tour and army camp shows. Does a terrific take-off on Virginia O'Brien's "Rockabye Baby."

* * *

Joan Carroll gets plenty of date requests, because the boys think she's fourteen, maybe. Joan tells 'em, "Please call back in two years. I'd love to go, but there's Mother to consider." Another reason the little star of Lester Cowan's "Tomorrow the World" is choosey, is that few boys, in her estimation, measure up to her nineteen-year-old brother. He left recently to enter the Jesuit school at Los Gatos, for the priesthood. And Joan misses him dreadfully.

* * *

Shirley Temple is the prettiest brunette in town, and usually dates young Pvt. Andrew Hotchkiss. Shirley won't say whether she's "sixteen and never been kissed."

Freddie Bartholomew's a popular lad about town these days. . . . Jackie Paley seems to get most of Richard Jaeckel's ice-cream soda money. . . . Jane Withers has resumed her dates with 2nd Lt. A. C. Lyles. He's been sending her weekly records made at camp, saying, "You'll be so nice to come home to."

* * *

Gloria Jean's new title "High Pressure Pin-Up Girl," comes from the Engine Room Gang on the *U.S.S. Shaw*, because "You're tops with us over any girl in the movie magazines." Gloria's just finished "The Reckless Age," and has been taking cake baking lessons from her mother. Mrs. Schoonover won blue ribbons for her cakes at county fairs back in Pennsylvania. And Gloria Jean would rather make a prize cake than anything she knows. That is, at the moment.

* * *

The girls haven't forgotten Pvt. Don O'Connor, who's in the hospital at Santa Ana Air Base. He says, "Keep those boxes of fudge coming."

* * *

Peggy Ryan appeared in the Burbank police court as witness to testify against an alleged hit-and-run driver. Peggy was so nervous she gave her legal name as Peggy instead of Margaret, and her old address instead of her new home newly purchased in Burbank! First appearance in court—no wonder.

Anne Rooney's boy friend has given her a birthday gift of a waterproof watch, on the back of which is a duplicate engraving of his own identification bracelet.

* * *

Diana Lynn is out of the world, because in that picture "Out Of This World," the credits will read: "Diana Lynn and Eddie Bracken with Veronica Lake. Some boost to stardom. And her mother was trying to make Diana a concert pianist. Oh, well! Diana gave her concert, just to prove she could, and now it's movies exclusively.

* * *

Carol Ann Beery had a time for herself keeping house for her pappy, Wally Beery, at their Jackson Lake, summer lodge. They couldn't get a cook, so Carol Ann took over. Wally had to dry the dishes, while Carol Ann washed 'em. Carol Ann's thirteen, but Pappy hasn't been convinced that she should have dates—yet.

* * *

Gloria de Haven has so many beaux, she can't make up her mind.

* * *

Joyce Reynolds, who's voomed-zoomed to stardom in "Janie," and now will star in "Junior Miss," had a gay fling in New York. Coney Island was simply unforgettable, and Joyce can take a roller coaster at 100 per, as slick as silk.

* * *

More inside stuff next month. Goodbye now. Your teen-aged pay, Trudy Smith, reporting.

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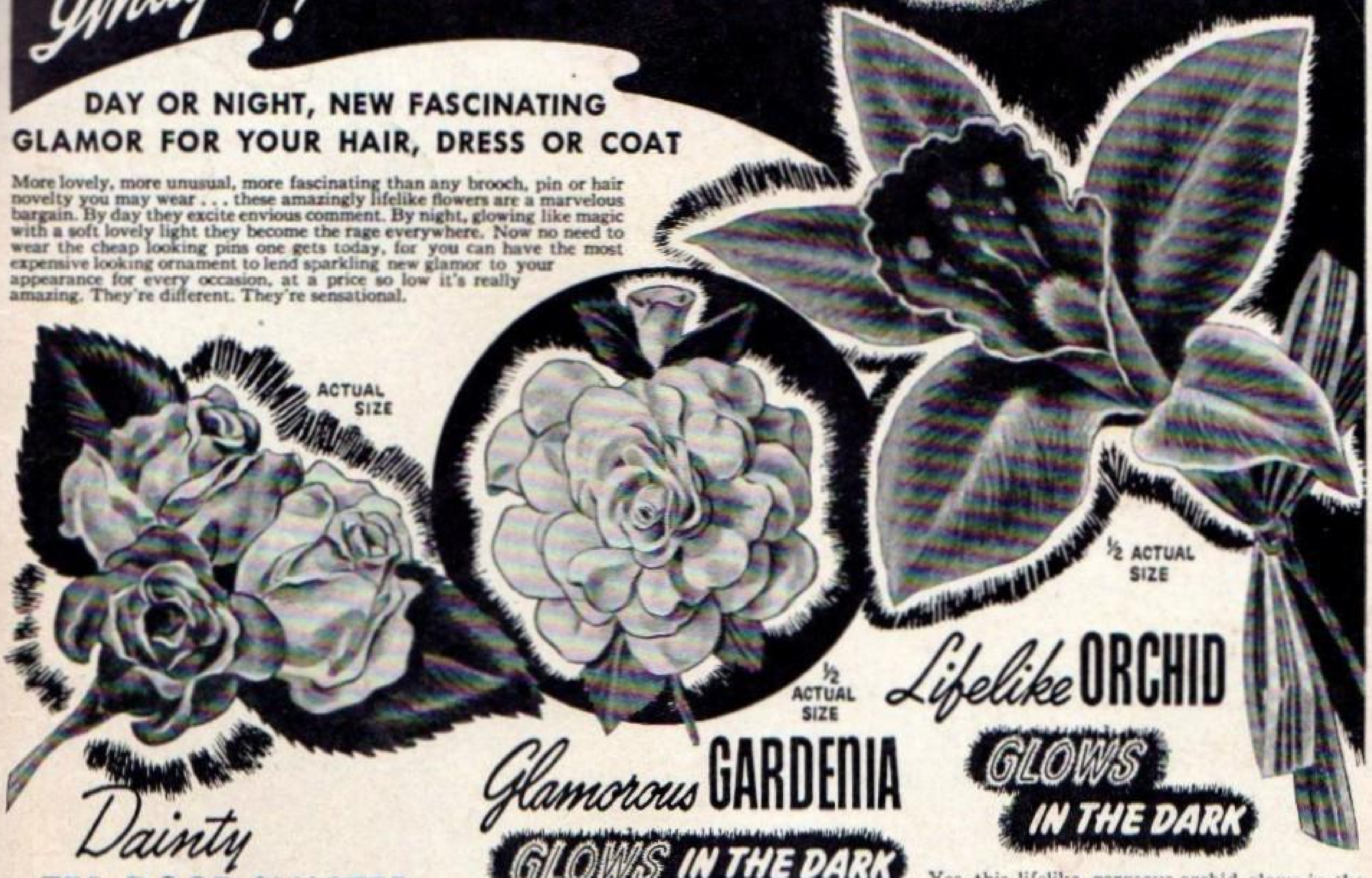

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7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
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22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
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26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
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28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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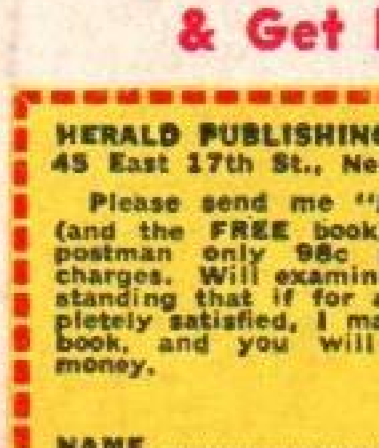

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